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THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "AGNES HOPETON," "THE SIGN OF THE ROCK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

At seven that evening the child was standing by the hollow elm, wrapped in a heavy cloak, and straining her eyes along that road over which the carriage was to come. All was still as death around her. It was a wild and lonely place, made doubly so by a sheet of silken black water, lying in the woods at one side of the road, and called "the Murderer's Pond." The old housewives of the country round about, were wont to tell frightful stories of this place, and the strange sights and sounds to be heard near it. A pedlar had been murdered there, years ago, when the country was new, and his body thrown into the pond. Justina had often heard the story, and laughed, by the fireside of her quiet home, to think of the poor ghost, rising from the slimy waves, to frighten timid travellers into fits; but now, as she thought of it, her blood ran cold, and her heart beat painfully. She was a courageous child; but the gloom, and darkness, and loneliness around her, might have made the stoutest heart quail; and it was with a deep sensation of relief that she heard the distant sound of wheels.

"I will make no mistake," she thought to herself, and drew back into the shadow of the bushes beside the road. It was well that she did so, for the vehicle was only a market-wagon, returning from the village, and its occupants two young farmers, whose loud singing, and boisterous laughter, showed that they had spent rather freely of the good things stored behind the bar.

She waited till they passed, and listened again intently. Another carriage was coming swiftly towards her, and this time she was not mistaken. A single lamp burned upon the box, and by its light she recognized the servant of Mrs. De Courcy. The carriage halted beside the hollow elm, and Mr. Skellieg descended and looked cautiously around.

"Little girl, are you here?" he asked, in a low voice.

Justina glided out of the underbrush, and stood by his side so quickly, that he started back in dismay.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, recovering himself with a visible effort: "it is you—is it? Well —jump into the carriage then, and talk to the lady for a few moments."

Justina did as she was bid. Mr. Skellieg walked up and down the road, keeping a vigilant lookout for any chance passengers.

The child felt herself folded to a soft bosom, and an affectionate kiss was pressed upon her brow. The beauty and luxury of Ivoleon De Courcy had already made a deep impression upon her heart—it only needed her affection to deepen it and complete the charm.

"And so, my child, you were brave enough to come to this dark and lonely spot, for the sake of saying good-by to me. And I will pay your father this!"

"Tell him anything—anything you please, dear lady,—only be sure and let him know how much I love him, and how I have longed to see him, ever since I was old enough to understand them when they spoke about him."

"I will tell him all, dear child."

"How long have you known my father?" asked Justina, suddenly.

By the light of the single lamp inside of the carriage, she saw that Mrs. De Courcy turned red and then pale, at the question, and that the lady even turned upon her, grew cold and louder as she spoke:

"For several years—before you were born, my little darling, and ever since. My father loved me, and I loved him,—and you should have been my child, not hers."

"And am I not so, him again?" said Justina, changing the subject with maternal tact. "You will tell him that, dear lady, when I think of him. Oh! do you think he will ever send for me, dear lady?"

"Would you like to go to England, Justina?"

"Oh, so much!"

"But I must leave your home here, and the friends who have been so kind to you?"

The child paused, but only for a moment.

"I could come and see them again after a little while; and I don't love this place—it is too cold, and lonely, and dreary. Tell my father to send for me and take me home, or I shall die!"

"Justina," said Mrs. De Courcy, in an altered voice, "it is getting late and dark, and it is time we were on our way. It is wrong, dear, for you to be out any later than this. Now give me one kiss, and go home like a good girl. I will tell your father all you have said; and perhaps, in the course of two or three years he may send for you, or come to your home!" [to be continued.]

"Two or three years!" cried Justina, impetuously—"I cannot wait till then! I shall die!—I know I shall—and be buried beside my mother!"

"You talk foolishly, my dear," said Mrs. De Courcy, quietly. "And, after all, what can be more easy to have?"

"Oh, let me go with you!" cried Justina, flinging herself down upon her knees before her.

The lady lifted her embroidered kerchief to conceal a smile of satisfaction; but she only answered, in an accent of surprise,—

"I cannot be, Justina. If you had spoken of it three days ago, I should have been glad to take you; but now it is too late."

The knowledge that there had been a chance of success only aggravated the child's grief.

THE FIRST MEETING OF JUSTINA AND ALFRED.

"Oh, do not send me away!" she cried: "Let me go with you! I will be very good. I will not make the least trouble—I will wait on you—do! pray, let me go!"

"Impossible!" said Mrs. De Courcy, impatiently; and, opening the carriage door, she called out:

"Mr. Skellieg, you will have to take Justina on! My dear, I am very sorry to leave you, but really I do not see what else is to be done. Now, go quickly—there's a love."

The child sustained quietly as the lawyer lifted her out; but when he placed her upon her feet, she threw herself flat upon the ground in passionate despair, and refused to rise. The two confederates exchanged a triumphant glance. Their plans were working even better than they had hoped.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Ivoleon, in blended distress. "Of course it will not do to leave her in that way. Justina—Justina—do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Will you not go home like a good girl for the sake of your father?"

"No, ma'am."

"Dear me—what a naughty child! Justina, are you listening?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come and get into the carriage, and you shall go with me. I really cannot leave you here at that way."

With one bound the child reached the side of the carriage and looked eagerly into her face.

"To England, Mrs. De Courcy? Will you really take me there?"

"Yes—anywhere—anywhere," said Ivoleon, who began to grow nervous at their long delay. With a low cry of joy, Justina sprang into the carriage and established herself beside her benefactress, as she called her in her heart. Her little grey cloak fell from her shoulders, at the feet of the lawyer, as she sprang in before him. He picked it up and was about to restore it to her when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and going through the underbrush, he rubbed it in the mud and sand beside the pond, and left it there. It was a time for the gloss of the smartest sins to rise up, and confront a villain in the midst of his guilt, but the dark waters lay dead and still, and nothing broke the silence but the melancholy hooting of an owl, in the depths of the forest behind him.

He came slowly back to the carriage. Mrs. De Courcy stood her upon him, as he stood over her.

"I have only been fixing a wrong track," he said, with a sardonic smile, and ordered the coachman to drive on at his greatest speed.

In the excitement of the moment Justina had almost forgotten her home, and her kind foster-father and mother. But as she grew quiet, and found herself whirled along so rapidly, while each moment increased the distance between them, she began to weep bitterly.

"What's it?" asked Mrs. De Courcy, gently.

"My father and mother—all my dear ones dear old Curley!" she answered, through her sobs. "Oh, they will never know what has become of me! Let me go home—oh, let me go home!"

"It is too late now, Justina!" said the lawyer, sternly. "Here—drink this—you will soon feel better."

He took a small vial from his pocket, and held it to her lips. She did not dare refuse it, and the taste was mild and pleasant. But it was a powerful narcotic, and five minutes after she had swallowed it, her head sank listlessly upon her shoulder, and she was sound asleep.

Meanwhile, as the night drew place to day, and she did not return home, a hundred men and women were searching for her in all directions. At last, when nearly a week had elapsed, the little corpse, soiled and torn, was found beside the Murderer's Pond. There were tears and prayers for the lost one—a funeral sermon was preached, a little grave made in the country church-yard, though no coffin rested there, and Justina's memory—the only kept green in two fond hearts—the scarce she had almost broken.

CHAPTER V.

THE BETROTHAL.

On a dull and rainy evening, twelve years after the events described in the last chapter, Mrs. De Courcy sat alone in the boudoir of her house in London. Twelve years had wrought their work. She was beautiful still, but pale and languid, and a confirmed invalid. Physicians had advised change of air and scene, and both had been tried. Both had also failed. She found no relief under the burning sun of Italy, or among the cool chalets of Switzerland, and, worn and weary, she had returned to her native land, to linger out the last days of her life, where English faces might surround her, and English voices be the last that fell upon her deafening ear.

Ivoleon De Courcy was evidently ill at ease. Some act which she had committed twelve years before, had weighed heavily upon her spirits. It had dimmed the full blue eye, and paled the rosy cheek;—it had helped to low the haughty head, and confine that stately form to the easy chair, in which she always sat.

To-day she had committed no actual crime. She had merely taken a child, who had found a place within her heart, from coarse and rude surroundings, and placed her in an elegant home, with every luxury at her command. Of the sum-bound wealth that would one day be hers, she was a beautiful, and highly-educated girl. So far, so good. But when she remembered the name which had at first led her on, she despised herself.

For it had not been simply for the good of the child that she had done this. It was for the sake of forgotten or forgiven the indignity put upon her by Justina Errington, and her mother Ida. She had wished to meet him once again—to show him his daughter, brilliant, beautiful, and haughty, and when he would clasp her to his heart, and weep tears of joy upon her breast—mock at him savagely, and throw the child away. She had longed to say to him:

"Years ago you wounded my pride, and I swore to be revenged. Here is your daughter—all that heart could wish. But only your child in name. She is mine in spirit, and you cannot tear her from me. And while you go down to your grave, lonely and heart-broken, she will care for me and love me in my old age, as if I were indeed what I should have been—her mother!"

I say she had longed to say all this to him. But as time wore on, a wondrous change in us all—and when we see Death, after all, it is true, but still coming toward us with a stealthy pace, we grow gentle and forgiving, and long to be at peace with the world before we leave it forever. So Ivoleon, repenting of what she had done, longed to find her early lover, and restore him the treasure she had lost so long, before she died.

But that was in vain. Justina Errington, after the wildest excesses, had become involved in an affair of honor, and having slain his adversary through the heart, was obliged to flee to the continent for safety. For years she had not been heard of, even by his most intimate associates, and his name was gradually forgotten, as the names of the dead are. In fact, since all traces of him were so completely lost, the guy world was perfectly fair-minded, and five minutes after she had swallowed it, her head sank listlessly upon her shoulder, and she was sound asleep.

Meanwhile, as the night drew place to day, and she did not return home, a hundred men and women were searching for her in all directions. At last, when nearly a week had elapsed, the little corpse, soiled and torn, was found beside the Murderer's Pond. There were tears and prayers for the lost one—a funeral sermon was preached, a

"Consult with me," said Justina, carelessly, walking up and down the room.

It was almost you that I wished advice," said Mrs. De Courcy quickly.

The young girl paused a moment, and looked at her musingly before she resumed her walk.

"Yes; it was about you. How do you like London, my dear?" she added abruptly.

Justina went to the window, and looking out upon the dreary scene, shrugged her shoulders, and answered—

"I know very little of London as yet, my dear mother. To look from our drawing-room windows upon this quiet square, or to walk demurely up and down yonder little patch, at stated seasons of the day, is not by any means to see London. Show it to me, and then I can better tell you how I like it."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me see the city as it is. Let me go out into its rush and roar—let me see its people, its business, and its pleasure. I am dying by inches, mother, in this dull house, and through this dull way of living!"

"Justina!"

"It is true, mother, and if I have never said it before, it is not, by any means, because I have not felt it. I am losing all my life and energy here. Do you remember Byron's sterling that cried through his cage 'I can't get out?' I was reading it to you the other day. Well, mother, I am like the poor starling—I am caged up from life and light and air, and can no more set myself free than he could."

She sat down, and laid her head upon her folded arms, with a weary sigh. Mrs De Courcy looked at her with an affectionate and anxious air.

"Justina," she said at last, "I am no herald and cannot even leave my room. A young girl like you, coming out in the great city, alone, and I know only one who could chaperone you."

"And who is that?" asked Justina eagerly.

"A lady of whom you have often heard me speak—Mrs. Brudell, the friend of my girlhood. She will be here this evening. Rest before she comes—Justina, how would you like to marry?"

"Mother!"

"There—don't, my child!" said Mrs. De Courcy, using her usual soothing tone to the nervous. "I am the poor starling—I am caged up from life and light and air, and can no more set myself free than he could."

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"Mother!"

"There—don't, my child!" said Mrs. De Courcy, using her usual soothing tone to the nervous. "I am not a nurse, I implore you, but answer my question."

"I should like it above all things in the world, my dear heart mother," said the girl, gravely. "That is if my husband were young, handsome, agreeable and rich—and—"

"He is all these, my daughter."

"Then I have you already selected him, mother?"

"Yes. Draw your chair here beside mine, and I will tell you."

Justina did as she was desired, and waited with a look of blank amazement for her mother to go on.

"You are young and beautiful, Justina—of course you know this already."

The eyes of the young girl dropped, and a slight rosy flush crossed her cheek.

"And you are like a caged bird here," continued her mother, "and have your wings continually against the bars of your prison. Your early New York life, including the days of your youth, can be but a faint reflection of your childhood, that you cannot understand or bear confinement now."

Justina sighed, as she remembered that early home, and answered gloomily—

"I am quite right, mother."

"I cannot, of course, expect to keep you always with me," continued her mother. "The young bird would fly from the purest nest, but oh my child, if you love me, let not that flight be taken alone."

"Why not, mother?" was the impatient reply.

"Because the world is full of every species of evil, my darling, you would not see it."

"Do you mean that I should wicked?" and a dreamy look dawned in the soft grey eyes. "Sometimes I sit in my room and wonder what the world is like, mother, and long to mix in the Arabian Night's tale—full of light and splendor."

"It is true, it is true," said Mrs. De Courcy, bitterly. "But the splendor is hollow, and the lights are false. Let your own pure heart be your chart and your mercy on every side, Justina—but the eyes of fourteen giants only see the gilded robe that covers all."

There was a long silence in the room. The girl sat with her head resting on her hand, and her mother, regardless of those warning words, and the woman of the world, looked at the beautiful, innocent and blighted fruits of love, that were strewed along the path by which she had come. A proud smile for each escaped her lips, as she looked down upon Justina's thoughtful face. Even so, had her father sat at her feet, and looked into her very soul with his beautiful eyes. Her voice softened unconsciously as she spoke to her daughter.

"Let that pass, Justina. It is very evident that you have not passed through this labyrinth, into which you are about to throw yourself. Will you accept the seat I offer you?"

The young girl looked up with the air of one who had been awakened from a delightful dream, and said briefly:

"Who is it?"

"Alfred Brudell, the only son and heir of Mrs. Brudell, and the lady of whom I spoke to you."

Justina blushed deeply.

"I cannot tell, mother—I have never seen him."

"Oh, you will like him—never fear."

"But he may not like me, mother!"

"Silly child—he already loves you. He has seen you often, and it is by his request that I am speaking to you now."

Justina buried her face in her hands. It seemed so strange and sweet, that any one could love her without her knowledge.

As she sat there, a carriage drove up to the

closer, and the ball fell rang sharply. She started to her feet, pale and frightened.

"It is they!" said Mrs. De Courcy, listening anxiously. "Run to your room my child, and put on your prettiest dress—you must look as well as you can. And mind now, no silly vagaries. You must either meet Alfred Ernstein as your future husband, or by your manner, reject him at once. There is no time to be lost in idle courtship. He loves you and wishes to marry you—tell me if you see him, you think you can love him, say so frankly. And now hurry to your room, my darling, and call your maid. And do not be long—for the evening is already far advanced."

Justina listened for a moment, with her head bent down like a startled deer, and hearing footsteps on the stairs, fled away to her own room. Scarcely had the door closed behind her, when the grave servant announced Mrs. Ernstein and Mr. Alfred Ernstein.

Mrs. Ernstein was a pretty little fashionable lady, with the brightest brown eyes and the glossiest chestnut curls imaginable. It had been years since she was friends had met, but time and change had not affected her, and she fluttered up to Madam, with both hands extended, and kissed her gracefully, as if she had still been a girl of sixteen.

"And is Alfred—"

He came forward, and bent above her hand with a grace peculiarly his own, and kissed it very sadly.

"How time flies, Margaret. When last I saw him, he was a mere schoolboy—and now—"

"Oh, now, although he is a man in stature, he is only a schoolboy at heart, dear Madam Ernstein," said his lively little mother, standing on tiptoe by his side, and laying hand in hand, with all the fond pride that beamed from her brown eyes, every time she looked at him.

Well might she rejoice in him. At twenty-two, Alfred Ernstein had left college, taking the highest honors, and the love and respect of all who knew him. Well born, well educated, graceful, and polished in his manners, and distinguished in his presence, he was all her heart could wish.

His fondness was founded in the delicacy and purity of their outlines. But his forehead was bold and high, and shaded by silky masses of fair hair, while his eyes were large and dark, with a grave and searching glance—his mouth was sweet and unbroken by its expression, and the whole aspect gracious and noble. A luxuriant moustache and beard of the same blonde hue as the hair, added character to the lower part of his face, but almost concealed the rounded and exquisitely moulded chin His stature was almost remarkable, and his figure full of strength and grace.

It was not wonderful to see how much his mother loved him—but it was beautiful to see the look that passed between them, and the sweet accordance that played around his lips se he met her eyes.

"You," said Mrs. Ernstein, shrugging her pretty shoulders saucily, "you don't know what a trial it is to have such a great boy for a friend. How can I flirt with any one, or pass myself off as a young woman, with him beside me."

"Hush, mamma," said Alfred, bringing her a chair into which she nestled like a bird—"you forget that we are here on very serious business, and that our time is short. May we hope to see Miss De Courcy?" he added, turning to her and mother, whose eyes were still fixed upon him steadily.

Here the door was thrown open, the servant threw open the door and Justina entered. Her usual simple dress was thrown aside, and in her evening dress of rose-colored silk, with diamonds glittering in her neck and arms, and in her jetty hair, she looked like a young empress.

Mrs. De Courcy leaned forward in her chair as she approached, and took her hand kindly.

"Justina—my friend, Mrs. Ernstein," she said, in an agitated voice.

The girl bent her stately head, and the lithe lady kissed her wrinkle.

"And this," added Mrs De Courcy, her voice trembling still more, "here—this is no time for ceremony—is my child, my Alfred's mother."

She sank back in her chair and wept. For the first time, Justina raised her eyes, and looked steadily at Alfred Ernstein who stood before her.

Well was it for him that his life had been so pure! But many men could have met that grave inquiring glance so steadily! But as she looked, the pure instinct of the young maiden told her that there was one who well deserved her—me, who like husband of old, was altogether "without guile." She read in that keen but open glance, a temptation realized, and evil overcome, and felt her heart drawn towards him.

"Justina, my darling," said Mrs. De Courcy, "come nearer to me."

The girl bound over her mother's chair.

"You have been a good and dutiful child to me through the days of my blood from my youth up, and here is one who loves you—who will devote his life to your happiness. Can you accept him as your child?"

"He is a good and noble boy, my dear," said Mrs Ernstein, fondly and proudly. "He has never pained his mother's heart—I know he will never pain yours, Justina."

"Hear me, one moment," said Alfred, coming forward. "As Miss De Courcy has made this scene but a formal wooing, my love is a form—my heart will in no sense—as if I myself were present to you. Let my life prove my sincerity. And as I deal with you—so may the God who watches over you, deal with me."

Justina stood resolute.

"I can not be compelled?" she asked at last, looking towards her mother. "I may act of my own free will in this matter?"

"My child—the happiness of your life depends upon your decision, and upon you think I would influence you wrongly?" said Mrs. De Courcy, reproachfully.

"The happiness of my life!" repeated Justina. "It is a solemn thought—and yet—strange to say, I feel no fear. It is one of the sweetest moments of my life."

She turned with a bright smile, which could not be mistaken, to Alfred Ernstein.

"May I hope?" he asked in a low eager voice.

Without a word she placed her hand in his. She heard a smothering exclamation of joy fall from her mother's lips, and saw her long fair hair fall upon her arm, as with tears in his eyes, he bent to kiss her hand—but she was all lost in a tumultuous whirl of emotion that left her giddy and almost blind.

And Justina's future was decided.

CHAPTER VI.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

During the next day, Justina was left entirely to her own reflections. The agitations of the preceding evening had been too great for Mrs. De Courcy, who spent a very restless night, and slept late on the following morning.

Justina sat down to the solitary breakfast table and tried to eat. But coffee, eggs, and toast went away untasted; and even the Morning Post, over whose columns she usually pored by the hour, fell listlessly from her hand, as the leaned back in her arm-chair, and closed her eyes.

The handsome face and princely form of her betrothed husband, arose before her present vision. There was something so strange, so sweet, in this hasty wooing, that she could not but choose to dwell upon it—to recall every look and word of the brief interview—to feel once more that tone and kiss upon her hand. She blushed as she thought of that, and lifted her hand to her lips.

The servant entered, with double gravity in his looks, and placed a beautiful bouquet of hothouse flowers upon the table before her. She knew and gave them with a low cry of delight, and inhaled their fragrance.

"Where did you get them, Andrew?" she said, looking up with a bright smile.

As a servant left them at the door," was the unconscious answer.

"And for me?"

"They were left for Miss De Courcy."

"With my message?"

"None, that I know of, miss."

"And this servant—whose livery did he wear?" she asked, without looking up.

"The livery of Mrs. Ernstein, Miss Justina."

"That will do, Andrew," she said, with her face radiant with delight, the young girl bounded from the room, with her flowers in her hand.

She went to her own chamber. The house belonging to Mrs. De Courcy, though in a densely populated part of the city, was built and finished for many years. Everything about it was substantial, grand, and at the same time, comfortable. The apartment chosen by Justina as her own, was large and low, with lozenge-shaped windows in the Indian fashion. To one set of these, she was obliged to climb into the high window seat, and under the frame of her casement. It was filled right well, and many of her happiest hours had been spent there. The furniture of the room was dark, and old, and massive. A great fire-place opposite the door, served to warm, and give a cheerful look, like that of a human face, to the room. Above the mantel-piece, over the fire, Justina loved to sit in her great arm-chair and watch the blaze flickering up, and the coals falling down in the grate, and the casements, and crept, in gusty sighs behind the faded and somewhat tapestry that clothed the walls of the wall. Her piano, and her library were at one end of the room—a great bed, with curtains of royal purple, stood at the other.

Here Justina sat down to arrange her flowers, and often laughed at the clumsy couch, and declared the bouquet beautiful in spite of her—but at last, she arched right well, and many of her happiest hours had been spent there. The furniture of the room was dark, and old, and massive. A great fire-place opposite the door, served to warm, and give a cheerful look, like that of a human face, to the room. Above the mantel-piece, over the fire, Justina loved to sit in her great arm-chair and watch the blaze flickering up, and the coals falling down in the grate, and the casements, and crept, in gusty sighs behind the faded and somewhat tapestry that clothed the walls of the wall. Her piano, and her library were at one end of the room—a great bed, with curtains of royal purple, stood at the other.

Here Justina sat down to arrange her flowers,

LET IT ALONE.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

If you hear a lie repeated
Let it alone.
Though the scandal, like Jowett,
Be universally believed;
Though well strung, and laughter
Long pegs it out to their ears;
Take counsel from common sense
And let them alone!
Let them alone.
Take counsel from common sense,
And let them alone!

If a friend hints a sickness
That she shows, very clear,
Wit being yet on command,
Or apparent, a year;
Though it seems like a fortune
To other hands thrown,
Counsel from common sense
And let it alone!
Let it alone.
Counsel from common sense
And let it alone!

The fountain of fortune
Is not in your hand;
Wealth, get as it may,
As suddenly goes;
And Wise's gilded mansion,
The costly shown,
Stripps never breathe—
So let it alone;
Let it alone.
Stripps never breathe;
Let it alone!

JOHN BOGGS' BARN-DOOR;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF PROCRASTINATION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"It's too bad!" said John Boggs.

"What's too bad?" returned Matilda, his wife.

"Why—that one's broken down, and the other hands must be idle while it's being mended."

"Can't you help him?" said Mrs. Boggs, rather gloomily; "I did say something about it, but then I didn't think there was much to do."

"Yet you know it needed mending, John; for you said so yourself. I wish you would learn to be more prompt about these things. You lose more than you are aware of."

"O, bo, Tildy. I don't lose anything. Everything on my place is as well as things generally go."

"Not quite, John. I know you manage to keep things in pretty good order; but you must acknowledge that you are in the habit of procrastinating. It's only last week, that you lost a valuable sheep just because you put off mending the fence in the shed. And now you have lost half-a-day's work of three hands just because you didn't mend your cart-hub when it ought to have been mended. Ah —you do lose much; and what you use it's going to hide it."

"Well—complaining wont mend it—that's a sure case," muttered John.

"No," quickly, but pleasantly, returned Matilda; "but you needed to your attention might mend the whole trouble."

"Pooh! You sit here in the house darnin' stockin's; and I s'pose you think, 'cause you can see where to run your needle, you could see everything in a farm at once."

"No, no, John," with still more smiling, "you don't put it in the right shape. You are like one of a stocking; and when I see a place where my needle needs to run, I run it in at once. I don't expect you to see but one thing at a time; but when you do see that thing, and also see what it needs mending, then is the time to mend it."

John Boggs commenced to whistle a medley of spasmodic notes, and at the same time fidgeted on his seat. He had got to go five miles to a blacksmith's to get him shod, and he was in a hurry.

"John," said his wife, plying her darning-needle as she spoke, "may mark my words. If you don't turn over a new leaf in this respect, you'll have a lesson one of these days that'll cost you more than you can afford to pay."

John whistled with renewed energy, now striking forth a "Yankee Doodle;" then a dash into a dolorous shake of the head, his wife turned her attention to her work.

John Boggs had two men at work for him, and by this teaching of the cart-hub he was obliged to either lie still, or go at some work with what of little use. He had a large farm, and an excellent one for producing vegetables; and he was quite "well to do" in the world. His children were all daughters, and hence the necessity of overlooking the affairs of the farm all devolved upon him.

As we have seen, John Boggs was hurried. He would put off till to-morrow what could be, and should be, done to-day. He contrived to keep his place intact and tidy, and his fences and outbuildings he would be seized with a sort of remorseful fit, and would get his tools together and go at it. But this didn't work always. Many a time very important things were left idle; for "he didn't like to wear a great expression of his" "Well—time'll tell the tale." Sometimes there would be a break-down that had to be attended to immediately; and while he had the hammer and nails in his hands he would fix up another things that had been awaiting the job coming. Very often an hour was required over something which would not have occupied over five minutes of his time; had he taken it in hand when he first discovered it. And out only so, but he lost in two other ways: He lost his energy to do the work at this late hour, and could never be made to go at it, as it was before, nor as it would have been had it been attended to in season.

John had often promised his wife that he would reform, but he had not done it yet. He did not realize how much he lost; or, if he did, the effort was but momentary. When he lost his sheep he felt sorry, and resolved that he would never let such a thing occur again; but yet there was at this very moment a bad place in the floor of the sheep-pen, where the sheep were kept. He had noticed it three days before. He saw one of the cows tread upon it, and he knew that a heavy ox would break through there soon. But the floor was not mended yet, for all that.

When the ring, or hub-band, came home, Mr. Boggs went at work to put it on. But it would not work. He had missed a figure in his calculations. The spokes had worn the sockets so much that all the strips in the world could never fit that broken hub on again.

"Jerusalem!" muttered the disappointed man, as he found that he could not make the thing work,

"if I had only fixed the thunderin' thing when I'd ought to, this wouldn't have been! He tells me—so this thunderin' tool!"

But there was no help for it. A new hub must be made. He managed to find an old wheel which he could use while the wright was fixing his, and in this uncomfortable way he managed to get along without losing much over a day's time.

One morning, about a week after the breaking of the hub, one of the little girls came running in while the family were at breakfast.

"Papa! papa!—the white-face heifer's broke right through the barn!"

"What?" uttered Boggs, starting up. "Broke through?"

"Yes—right through where you said some of 'em'ud be breakin' through if they wa'n't careful!"

John Boggs knew that his wife was looking sharply at him, and he avoided the peculiar glance which he felt sure he should find there if he turned that way. He rallied up the two men and hurried out. As good fortune would have it the heifer was not seriously harmed; but John knew that he could claim no credit for her safety. When he came back his wife said not a word upon the subject. At first John was afraid she would reprimand him; but when he found that she kept silent upon the subject, he felt worse than he would have felt had she just chided him a little. He knew she felt it, but she understood it—and her continued silence seemed to indicate the reproof which he most dreaded. From that moment he resolved that he would reform. As—he had made the same good resolutions before.

For two months no real accident happened, for John Boggs kept things pretty straight. But still there were some things undone. The habit of procrastination was too firmly fixed upon him to be easily thrown off.

As Autumn drew near John Boggs began to look around for an opportunity to carry into execution what he had been considering for some time. He had a very choice stock of cattle, and having reaped an abundant crop of hay, he concluded to put all these, as he knew where he could buy in the Spring to good advantage. So he sold eight cows for a price which might by some be considered not most fabulous. The same purchaser wanted horses, and John sold all three heavy ones that he owned, and a three-year-old colt, which he thought would answer for all his raising through the season.

Very near John's farm was a large tract of land covered with heavy pine trees—most of them measuring a yard in place; and he had purchased the privilege to cut those trees down, fashion the logs, and haul them a distance of about two miles to a mill. The contract would be a valuable one for him, because he lived very near to the mill. He supposed he could find plenty of men who would be glad to cream on and finish lumber if he would keep them. He knew that many and many a farmer of his acquaintance would be glad to have more work than they could get some one to accomplish for them; and in return take one-half the product of their labor. He was determined that he would do well. But he found it more difficult than he had expected, to obtain the help. He could find plenty of men who would gladly come and work for him as they owned; but he wanted heavier cream. At length he hit upon the very man.

"I've found him," he said to his wife, one evening, on his return from a visit to the pine forest in the town. "I've found just the man. He's got team enough, and will come on season or weather."

"Who is he?" asked Matilda, not much pleased with her husband's success.

"Aaron Rolf. You know him, don't ye? He's got six stout yoke of oxen, and four good horses; and he says he'll give him equal halves with me, and set to have, and take care of his animals and men, he'll come."

"Aaron Rolf!" repeated the wife. "I know him well. If he says he will come, then you may depend upon him. He never makes a promise he will not fulfil. He is a man to keep it; and he never undertakes to do a thing which he does not mean to do well and done. Some people call him odd; and I don't know but that he is, in one sense of the word; for he thinks his own thoughts, and has opinions of his own, and he everything in its proper place; and will have no one about him, if he can help it, who will not follow his example."

"I'll be pretty sure to know him well, Tildy."

"And why shouldn't I? You forget that I lived in his father's family several years."

"Oho! he is a son of old Jim Rolf?"

"Yes—his eldest boy."

"Ahem! Is it so? Well, I'm glad he's such a man. It'll make it good for me."

"I should think him better very well this coming fall and winter,—that is, if you must have some one."

So John Boggs gave himself no more uneasiness upon the subject of the Full's work. Mr. Rolf was to commence his task at the timber lands, and get the boards; but then John had explained everything to him, and he was perfectly satisfied.

One day John went to tie his colt up in the stall, and he found that the edge of the boards which went almost down to the hole through which the heifer ran had. He knew that it was not safe. A slight push would break it out.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I must fix that to-day, before I go!"

He meant when he did fix it, for he had ample time then. All that was necessary was to step to the wagon-house, get an inch-and-a-half spear, and bore a new hole. It would have taken him, perhaps, five minutes to have performed the whole operation. He left the colt into the next stall, and then went to the house to dinner.

Ah—the old habit was not gone yet. He would fix the hole after he had fed the colt. John Boggs hadn't quite reformed, for all his place looked so well outside.

An evening or two afterwards, just as he was sitting down to supper, one of his daughters came in and told him that the dark bare-boar had trampled down again.

"Why—I a log of wood up against it firmly only a little while ago," explained John.

Then I guess some of the sheep must have rubbed it down," said the girl.

"John Boggs," spoke his wife, almost sternly, "haven't you fixed that door yet?"

"I declare, I'll fix that to-morrow," was John's response.

"But why haven't you fixed it before?" persisted Matilda.

"Why—I haven't had time."

John held down his head as he made this remark.

"Haven't had time?" repeated the dame, elevating her eye-brows in real astonishment. "John Boggs, what do you mean?"

"Why—I did mean to fix it; but whenever I've thought of it, it has been when I was busy about something else."

"Ah, John—let me tell you that kind of work wont suit Aaron Rolf."

"Let Aaron Rolf mind his own business," returned John, warmly; "and," he added, with a bold look into his wife's face, "there's other folks, too, that might do the same to advantage."

Matilda was startled, for she saw that her husband was playing the brave—a thing which he seldom did in her presence. Yet she was quite aware of gunnesses unmentionable, but she was one of those straightforward, sound-sensed, strong-minded women, who feel it absolutely necessary to speak on any husband sometimes. She had immediately her beef to go out and fix the door after supper; but as he was already chafed, she concluded to put it off more generously.

The facts about that barn-door were these: The lower hinge had been useless over two weeks, but had been made to work by a little careful in opening and closing the door. But some three days before the time we have mentioned first discovered that no dependence could be placed upon it. John had noticed it, and he had said to himself, "It must be fixed," and he had resolved to do it when he did his work.

The next day came; and in the morning John Boggs went out to the barn, and passed through the door which we have described. He saw the hole, and heard the stout cord-stick against it to hold it in its place.

"I declare, that must be fixed! I'll attend to that right away."

He went out into the field, and when he came back he went over to a neighbor's to see about some hoeing that he had promised him because. Just as they were sitting down to dinner, Aaron Rolf drove into the door. He saw that the hole had been broken, and he came in, where he was welcomed to the table by John and his good wife.

In the afternoon the two men went out to the timber-land, and it was nearly dark when they returned. They had not been in the house when Rolf was much pleased with the proposed plan in regard to the barn-door, and they could fix it. "I would take them with themselves and four other men, and they would have the job done in two hundred days. Perhaps more, but surely no less. He would be on hand at the time, and there would amount to eight hundred dollars. Then from that he must pay the two men whom he was to bring with him. He would find his own board, and his own horses, and self. But as he would be at no expense for help, he could afford to make a liberal deduction on the remuneration just fair.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the hauling goods for our new railroad company," he said; "but I should have to be away from home all the time, and I don't like that. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll come home as often as I please, and feel perfectly free to do so; and you'll be welcome."

During the evening the work was all planned; and when Aaron Rolf left the house, the bargain was made up his mind that he should sign the articles of agreement. It was arranged that they should go to the timber-land on the following Monday, and John Boggs thought there was no need of any such thing as to have the men "bound" to him.

"We may forget, but a written paper can't forget."

And upon that they retired for the night.

In the morning Mr. Rolf got up, and went out to smell up the fresh air. Having washed, and entered his room, he went to the window to look and look at his horse, and perhaps give him some hay. At length he left the window to get his coat, and then if he had watered the animal. It had not been done. So he went on to the back of the barn, the stable where he had seen the man hitch his horse the night before—but the horse was gone! He looked to see if the door was fast, and he found the door not only open, but flat upon the ground. He looked to the path—and there he found the front bars down! He hunted up the men.

"Look ye, my man, have you seen anything of my horse?" he asked.

"Why, yes," was the answer.

"Just come here."

Aaron followed Rolf to the empty stall.

"Did you hitch my horse there last night?" the latter inquired, and pointed to where the hole had been cut.

"Yes, sir," the fellow said.

"Didn't you know that wouldn't hold a horse?"

"I supposed Mr. Boggs had fixed it, sir. I heard him say he was going to do it, and I thought it would be bad time. It was kind o' dark when I hitched my horse, and I didn't notice it."

"Fix it when he had time!" repeated Rolf, in surprise. "Hasn't he an anger?"

"Yes, sir."

"And hasn't he had five minutes to spare within that time?"

"Yes, sir—a good many of 'em, I should think."

"I should think he must have been hard-up to know that was unsafe."

"Why, sir, he's been so a long while. But Mr. Boggs said he'd fix it when he had time, and I never touched it."

Rolf repeated that great log of wood around here to hold it up with?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, all I understand," said Mr. Rolf. And as he spoke he turned away and followed the track of his horse to the road, where he found the animal towards home. He knew the nature of his horse, and knew that he should find him in his own stall. So he returned to the house, and found Mr. Boggs and his wife at the breakfast table. Mr. Boggs arose to welcome his friend.

"You can tell Mr. Boggs that I've gone after my horse."

"But shan't I go with ye, sir?"

"No. I know just where I shall find him."

So Aaron returned to the stable "all subdued and humbled."

When Mr. John Boggs came in to breakfast he looked very "blue."

"Where's my master, John?" the wife asked, eagerly, for he looked really sad.

"Gone to answer; and Matilda was upon the point of asking again, when one of the men appeared little girls came running in, with eagerness upon their countenances.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "don't you think—Mr. Rolf's horse has run off! He broke out of the stall where the hallor-hole was clean worn off down to clean-boot nothing—and he run out through the door—what was all knocked down—and he got through the bars where the cows look was down!—and—she'd you think—he's run right off home! And Mr. Rolf has gone off to try to catch him! He went with the saddle on his back! My eaten—shot it too bad!"

Matilda Boggs looked at John Boggs a full minute, and then went on with her breakfast. She spoke not a word further on the subject.

The next forenoon there was a letter left at the house for John Boggs. That individual received it from his wife when he came in to dinner. He had been fishing by a low door, and upon turn, etc. He opened the letter, and read as follows:

"Mr. John Boggs—Dear Sir:—You will recollect that you had business relations between us on the 10th of May last. You will also recollect that you failed to fulfil your part of the contract. It is my duty to inform you, therefore, that I could not entertain any intercourse in the hands of a man who would so wilfully violate his word. You will also recollect that the accident of last night was the result of what has become a habit with you. I might become used to it, but I never contemplated it with. That will remain a secret with me; and inasmuch as you are the main friends, and that you may profit by the experience which contact has meant in great harm to you I'll hold my peace. Yours, etc. AARON ROLF."

John Boggs read this letter, and then threw it back into the table and rushed from the house. Matilda picked it up and read it. A cloud passed over her face, and then a ray of sunshine came. In a few moments she looked happy and contented.

But the dinner was getting cold, and she sent one of the children after him. He came in looking sad and dejected. His wife went up to him, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said:

"John," she said, kindly, "cannot you buy some corn?"

"Yes," he returned, moodily.

"And can you not buy them and still have much of the money left which you received for those you sold?"

"Yes."

"Then go and buy corn, and like your men, and do that which you ought to do, and I'll see about taking care of your hands. And I am sure you'll make much more than you would to have a partner. Come—we can do our daily without it; for if any man who does not want to assist you."

John looked at her at first doubtfully, then gratified. He understood his wife perfectly. He knew that she spoke true; and he now realized that he had only given heed to her advice before, he might have saved himself from loss. He arose from his chair and looked around him.

At that was not all he gained from that fallen barn-door. He gained the life-boost he so much needed, and from the rule it gave him he never after deviated. He never again left a thing upon his place that needed attention without bestowing it at the moment it came. And the result was quite manifest. Everything was in its place, and everything was safe. His wife was happy, for she had no more occasion to perform that most unpleasant of all domestic duties to the true wife—the chiding of a husband. And there was one more thing. He could put a friend's horse into his stall without fear that he would find the door broken down in the night, through a hole that had been burned, but was not, stopped by a barn-door!

UNCLE JO.

BY ALICE CARY.

And who is Uncle Jo? I imagine my reader inquiring, and who concerns my thing about him, at any rate? Why nobody cares much about him, my friend, and as to your first question, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer it very satisfactorily. I really don't know who he was, nor what he was called, nor even his spiritual name. Some twenty or thirty years ago, when I lived in the country, and was a child, people used to call me Uncle Jo's niece. He was. All I ever saw and know, however, I am quite willing to communicate. He seemed to me to be about what when I first saw him, that I think now he could not have been more than forty years old. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with his hair thin and turning gray, and he walked with a long, proud forward step that seemed to me full of state or severity. His dress was extremely homespun and careless, adding to, rather than lessening the effect of his grave. I never knew any variation of his costume, which was as follows:—A white hat, with a profusion of spreading brim, a black frock coat, with cuffs and collar of brown velvet, pantaloons of the same brown material, as were also his waistcoat. These articles were all greatly too large, as if he had shrunk and withered out of them. He wore a deep ruffle of linen, and had a great colored silk handkerchief, with one corner dropping out at his left eye. His eyes were blue and blue, and had an anxious and melancholy expression, as if they searched for something they never found—I think now they did. His whole figure stick was made of a hoop-pole, with a notch cut around the top for the purpose of keeping his hat on; then a twisted tow-string, all the ornament it had about it, and a pretty smooth, tapering stick it was. Jo, in any way, His trade was that of a cooper, and the following fall and winter I spent days on the shavings at night, and burnt them in the evening to boil his tea-kettle—there was always a great pile of them in a sunny side of his house, and Uncle Jo himself was used to sit there and read the Bible. He was a very pious man, and I have sometimes thought that he could not go—his coat was brown, and blue and low black hats were the fashion—but he was white and high, and low black hats were the fashion—but he was white and high, and low black hats were the fashion—but he was white and high,

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CIVILIZERS.

Whatever tends to exert the situation and interests of men from war, and situate them forwards peace, by displacing or diminishing the causes of jealousies and enmity of peace pursuits, is a civilizer. War, in all its appliances, is the most uncivilizing, base and despotism. Unfortunately, the human race have had most of their great deeds done in idle, blustaphs and procussions, awarded to sword and plume warriors, and have ever been habituated to regard the soldier's life and deeds as the most exalted, winning the admiration and applause of the world. There is little room for wonder, then, that the battle-field rather than the whetstone, and the sword rather than the sickle, have been the choice of the ambitious and aspiring. Even woman, so gentle and peaceful in her instincts, where unswayed by glory and falsehood, has given her highest admiration on the "hero," smeared with the dust and blood of combat, and, as a result, has had inspired in the vain story of a father's glory; glory won where husbands were dying, orphans made, and homes and hearts wasting their life-streams—brother grappling with brother, and skin with skin, with a frenzied courage and joy.

All shock there, on the surface of six thousand years, there is but one picture—carnage and desolation. Castles full of armor and arms, magazines piled with muskets, and cannon and balls hung with banners, grasped from Greek, Roman, Saracen or Moor. A picture, at which humanity recoils, shuddering—a picture drawn from the slaughter of countless myriads who knew nothing of the quarrels which drank their blood, nothing of the strange lands, remote from their own hearths and homes, and the priest-like conceptions of their work—the hard name passes to it—the crater ripples in sludge—women sinful on it, and history recorded little else on its tablets.

But in the golden light of our age, when human life is accounted of some worth, beyond the mere product, chained, and killed for a feudal chief, a despot kings, a tyrant Church, when the poor, orphans, women, and even history, grow ashamed of laying blood at the supreme shrine of false and unmeaning glory, are no longer tenants solely of the battle and the camp, and the sword and plume are only more respectable as play-things and fetich-stocks than the fool's cap and bells, become more disgraceful in the hardihood, and more loathing to all men. Man is nobler this day, over half of Christendom, with warfare, or business, or man is not losing honour, useful toil, that was ever lawless marauding, and his life for his help-love, or creator, risking around the lively hearthstone, the gratuitous bold-to-play, rushes before the battle-field, and the builder of dense empires, from Sir Roger de Toledo or Damascus blades. Industry and culture are also taking the palm of conquest and glory, and the warrior draws nearer to the murderer, and man weaker than he has been such a fool, a slave, and a beast of prey so long.

Human passion, strong and blind, has done its work, and human reason and conscience are the superior. Invention grows less and less devilish: the useful and beautiful triumph over the destructive and terrible. Every man feels a value in his arm for, and seeking to preserve and improve that, discovers that his fellow's life is equally valuable, and, in the ends, for his own sake, learns to respect his fellow —to treat him as would be treated. In return All see the bloody chest of a game by which lords and tyrants have used men heretofore, and that is taken to increase the home-comforts, the individual independence, and the general prosperity through peaceful industry, strengthens the strength of peace. Civilization—and perfect wherever man enjoys his natural rights and privileges, whether in wigwam or palace—blossoms and spreads, and flings a rich odor over the world, from the cot and shop, where war and strife are held in abomination. The whole race spies, sheltering the literal olive, points to heaven, and the angels of peace have happy hearts. There, men salute as brothers, and women smile and congratulate to the heart of men, beating at length in unison with her own.

TRUTH.

How beautiful is Truth! In the world, where there is so much falsehood and deceit, whereby hearts are estranged, and social happiness wrecked and crimes engendered,—how beautiful are the true thought, word, and deed. That is a beautiful day and said the weary storm—like the bright sunlight lay through the heavy night-cloud—that, after clasping the hand of friend—the right relationship—like the beam of virtue ringing on the shield of vice—like heaven upon earth, and God in man, is Truth. *Precious and priceless.* Dearer than —as of friend, love of parent, or pauper, or fame. Truth is all. By this we know the nature and value of things. Falsehood is a creature, a bastard. Truth is bold, noble, and God-given, beyond every other attribute of the human soul.

WHICH ARE RIGHT?

There are those who contend that the human race do not advance in intelligence and enlightened, while others insist that the world's progress in these directions is too rapid and radical. The history of reform and improvement is everywhere marked by opposite extremes. One class would go to excess in destroying a present good before creating a better, while the other would cling to the ancient without bearing an argument in favor of the superior proposed to supersede it. Neither party is always on the best friends of progress. The partisan, habits and customs of society, have been established according to the ideas of the wants and interests of society, so far as its intelligence was developed, and as it progressed in culture, they have answered and still may answer the necessities of society, and are entitled to respect on the score of past benefits and present uses. In this view, society is warranted in a careful conservatism. It is called to protect and defend institutions, inventions and improvements, already proven valuable. But while defending the existing, society should not reject consideration of whatever promising great benefit. Mankind, at one period, were content with rude huts, rude implements of labor and warfare, rude facilities for conquering the elements, and in their ignorance and pride, but guided by a wise Providence, they never cast away the surroundings of an inferior condition, until their ideas of a superior condition were deserved by the creation of superior accommodations. In the aggregate, civilization, with every race, has been gradual, and the rude has not been abandoned for refined, or even explicitly that humanity, from savagism to perfect enlightenment, is a full and complete statue, harmonious in proportion and beauty, without a single disclosing in its drapery every condition of its life and growth.

Ignorance and misapprehension have done much to retard the civilization and happiness of man, by clinging blindly to the present. The farmer who is glad to save his rudder implements from the grasp of science and labor-saving machinery, and the man of the plodding ship stopped hard against the genius of the inventor of steam, and the old book-makers, scoring their cruel threatened, denounced types as the diabolical inventions of the fiend revolutioners of society, instead of being generously accepted, have often been most bitterly opposed either by the selfishness of their own inferior inventions they threatened, or by the prejudice and blindness that deem no improvement a purpose, in any way, is good enough and must be right.

But art, science and improvement always triumph in the ultimate, and people wonder when a new idea is established and proved better than the old why they ever opposed the new. Let any one look at the manufacturers of the past, and at those of society during his own life, and he will find that the former were content with products of a very inferior nature, have had to fight their way to popular acceptance. Yet who would go back to sleep-riding in hacks, flogging the lazy, and using the old tinderbox; or to scribe parchments from scrappers, or publishing new books in manuscript, at the cost of the devil? In this liberal age we judge things by their merits, and have no cold blood in the veins to be afraid of nothing that is "more awful." The new that is proven better than the old, that we see and understand, we take to be in use, the field wrought on This, we must think, is the true spirit of progress.

WAR MAN MADE TO MOURN!

Solomon taught, and experience confirms, that there is a time to mourn as well as a time to rejoice. Even the wicked, who "have their reward in this life" "being—end and sum" so egregiously, as to suppose that mourning was the "end of man." That is the sum, their own conduct justifies the suspicion that such is their creed—for they "go mourning all the day long," and "refuse to be called" anything calling for grief or not. If they have no social sorrows, they manufacture fictitious sorrows, as an never-failing fountain, and put on "sackcloth and ashes," and go at it with a will. They are, apparently, "bound" to be miserable.

It is entirely necessary to say that such people have only mistaken the purpose and object of life. Man was not "made to mourn." He was made to be glad. To be just, the fault will most generally be found in himself. Certainly it should not be looked for in the institutions of things," as an Allwise Providence designs them. The birds, the flowers, the brooks, the breezes, the sunshine, the starry heavens, the ocean, all say to us, "Be glad!" Nature is a living exhibition as well as beautiful enjoyment.

Let us, then, not be deceived—such a fallacy like this. "Life is solemn—life is earnest," but it is not necessarily sad. There is no time for the rare habit of mourning!

COURTESY.

Courtesy is a distinguishing feature of civilized and intelligent society. It is the most beautiful illustration of the Golden Rule, where politeness, by eloquent always excels upon our race. By courtesy, we mean that behavior of one human being which one would ask for himself. It is a part of the trade of carrying out the great Christian precept which lies at the base of order and harmony among men: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Hence, that behavior which implies courtesy, is divine, as it will mural be governed by our common humanity and its fitness and beauty. So what we may in life, the whole of society can never move smoothly and well where the spirit of courtesy is not found outside the deeds and thoughts of man in his intercourse with man. Courtesy is the oil of human society, courtesy has its power among the lowest and most savage. That which we would do to us we would to done by, especially in the more refined and intelligent circles of our lives, is the conciliating angel which, whatever may be the spirit whereon we may be, will powerfully help to guard us against every unruly and assault.

EXPERIMENT.

While there is a marvellous mystical, an evil unexplained, an aspiration unsated, the harvest-field is ahead, and advance is the true watchword of the individual, the society, and the race of mankind. What though progress lack its way over the theory of experiment, is not experiment sooner or later, the only process by which the world can advance? Have not the diversified systems of society first all sprung from experiment?—with whatever is beautiful or true found in a transition from savagism to enlightenment. Have not governments, institutions, and religion (or the guardians thereof) been compelled to bow before the oracles of the world? Hence the great truths of science, art, and philosophy, which now irradiate the civilized spaces of earth. Experiment is the touchstone, which, when thoroughly applied, reduces theory to such practice as it may embrace; brings the ideal to the standard of the real; determining the truth of assertions, and the values of all tangible disputable things.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1865, by Fanny Fern, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

A HEADACHE.

Now I am in for it, with one of my unappeasable headaches. Don't talk to me of doctors: it is impossible as a love-gift; nothing on earth will stop it; you may put that down in your memorandum-book. Nor, I suppose everything in the house to-day will put on their spankiest shoes; and everybody will go up and down stairs humming all the tunes according to the latest fashion; and I have dislike; and I suppose everything that is cooking was destined to boil and stew over, and the cake will come up to me; and I have such a nose! And I suppose all the little boys in the neighborhood, blest their little restless souls, will play duruls on tin-pans and tin-kettles; and I suppose everybody who comes into my room to ask me how I do, will spank that horrid door, and *bang* spasmodic; and I suppose that unhappy dog confined over in that four-square feet yard, will howl more dolefully than ever; and Mr. Jones's menagerie child will flap and bang till I am set crazy as an omnibus-driver who has a bunting horn, and whose in their heart and soul have not yet reached his calling their fare; and I suppose some poor little child will be running under the wheels every now and then, screaming "Mother," and whenever I hear that I suppose nothing wants me, and I've no doubt there will be "nothing" to read to-day, and that that portentous and Sterntorian rag-man will not call on his usual day; and, and, and I have no having some of my dry goods; and I feel it in my bones, that something will happen to my hair blacking, and brooms and mats and tin-ware, will smile and congregate on this side-walk, and assert their superiority, and that the carriage of the head of an undertaker would be a positive blessing.

Well, I suppose I shall get up, don't tell me any living woman ever had such a headache before—because it will fill me with rage—and at o'clock: is it? "Twelve." Mercifully! I can only twelve o'clock? I thought it was five. How has it got through the day, I would like to know, for this headache went let up till sunset, I guess. Any food to me? "Yes, ma'am, you read 'Tom Moore?'—as if I were shut sick enough already—"or a dish of tea, with mustard and bullock, and pessaries; and loves and doves, and roses and posies—All the introduction of an old-fashioned garden. Too late! Forever too late! Hyena in his everlasting gurlous, would be an unwelcome visitor. "Then, ma'am, I'll bring in the fellow who said, "when away from the Ilse that I loved, I will make love to the first girl I meet." No wonder he was baptized rare—carnivorous old cannibal!

"Will I have a cup of tea?" No, of course I won't. I'm not an old maid. Yes! I'd like a dose of laudanum. Will I have some food to-day? Do

HOW AND WHERE.

BY ALICE CARY.

How are we living?
Life here's in a garret, and cold is a vice.
To eat of the dew and the sunshine to grow,
Our grocery of herbage
So darkened and dank—
They simply extend to the chimney about us,
The stars and the moon that extend us ordered us,
We writhe in our bed!

How are we living.
And fading, and living, and eating, alas!—
Like the grass, or the flowers that grow in the grass—
In life worst our being!
The insect a humming—
"'Tis wild bird's better, that sings us it flies—
Else us, that turns up his great face to the skies,
When the thunder is coming!

Where are we living?
In passion, and pain, and remorse do we dwell—
Groaning, yet terribly tasting our hell!
By writhings achieving?
No groaneous calming?
The wits true from more—for the cost of rough barks
He trims with green mosses and clocks with the marks
Of the long summer shadows!

We're dying, not living!
Our senses shut up in a corporal prison,
We're floating, like corpses, adrift in a stream,
Still waiting, but grieving.
We work not, but wait!
And when we have mined in our mines in the sands,
And fed the rock sullens' grow cold in our hands,
We groan for our bale!

KARMEL, THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE AVENGERS OF MONTOR," "THE GUNMAKERSON," "THE GOLD-HUNTER," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867 by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the Resident Co. of the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW PLOT.

Robert Pemberton was not the only one who had seen the scout; nor was he the only one who was suddenly influenced thereby. Sir Arthur Lincoln had also seen him, and the effect upon him was as sudden as it was palpable and strange.

"What is that?" he gasped, half startlingly demanded, as his eye first caught the outlines of the scout's form. "That man just riding up to young Van Reiter's house?"

"That?" returned Elroy, turning and looking in the direction designated. "Why—that is Karmel—the Rebel scout.

"Is it indeed the baronet. "Yes—it is! Pemdleton seize him! Why is he here?"

"What harm can he do?" asked Elroy, in surprise. "Cannot our officers take care of so ragged say one rifle?"

"Take him!" said Lincoln, half to himself. "Ah—that isn't the thing. Take him!—By heaven, he must be taken! He shall be taken! Come—we'll think as we go."

Thus speaking the baronet turned towards his own house, and strode off with long, quick, and nervous strides. Elroy could see that he was deeply agitated, and that there was a heavy fear upon him. He wondered at it much, for he could not conceive how the rebel scout could hold any power for evil over the wealthy baronet. However, he followed on after his lord, and ere long they were once more in the apartment they had left with so much annoyance. Lincoln took a seat, and motioned for his companion to do the same.

"Elroy," he said, seriously and anxiously, "you will ask me no questions, for I can only give you present facts. I cannot meet that man."

"Why?—Karmel?"

"Yes, I cannot meet him. If he remains by the side of your cousin, all is lost. He must be disposed of!"

"And how shall we do it?" queried Elroy. "I am ready for anything. But, sir baronet, you shall not find me backward in bringing to—to—death, if you please—those who have cast upon me such wrong and suffering as I have suffered through the instrumentality of those two men!"

"I know you would be ready!" responded the host. And then, after a few moments of thought, he added, "We can have the scout hanged very easily. Our British friends will be very much pleased to have the opportunity of placing their hands once more upon those two rebels. Next to the obtelest of all rebels—Washington himself—I think they would have Karmel and Robert Pemberton. No two in the Jerseys have done more to cripple the energies of the British army. I think there are two others who have done so much. See the damage they have done to the king's cause: They have, to my certain knowledge, destroyed more than full companies of good loyalists;—they have taken three very valuable store-houses, containing all the cargoes of which General Howe had placed nearly all his hopes of success;—and, to cap all, they have robbed the king's troops of vast amounts of forage and provisions which were almost in hand."

"Aye," returned the young man; "that is indisputable. If there were only some means to—"

"We must have them here!" said the baronet, in a very rapid tone, but yet one of great depth and meaning.

"Have them here?" repeated Elroy, earnestly.

"Yes. Even at this late hour, I can see but them only fifteen miles distant. There are three regiments, by my certain knowledge, on the western side of Staten Island; and they can come here and return on the same night. They could come to this place and take their prisoners off—and return very easily."

"So they could," returned the young man, upon whose mind the baronet's meaning was beginning to open itself.

"But," added Lincoln, "they must be informed of the precise hour of the night to—"

"Yes—I understand," said Elroy. "I understand you, sir. I will go at once—I will take one of my father's best horses—"

"There is no need of that," interrupted the baronet; "I have as good a horse as there is in the Jerseys. Take him, and be off at once. It is now," he continued, taking out his watch, and interpreting the movement, "just six o'clock. You can ride to the hills in two hours; early; and, if nothing happens to interrupt you, and you find ready means of crossing the hills to the island, you can reach it before dark."

"Let me have the horse, sir?" cried Elroy, starting up from his chair. "I will be off at once. Oh! I did not think of this before! But it will work. Of course they will come."

"The British?"

"Yes."

"Of course they will; and most happy will they be for the opportunity."

"Then let's have the matter arranged at once. Whom shall I ask for there?"

"Major O'Harra is on the island, and he will understand the whole affair. Seek him the first thing, and tell him I send you. Tell him that the two notorious Rebels who escaped him last winter —who shot down one of his officers, and who have done so much mischief—are here, and that, if he will come, he shall surely have them put into his hands."

"But how many men had he better send?"

"Well—tell him that he had better send a full company—say fifty—at least. There may not be needed more than half a dozen, and there may be needed more. However, he can judge of that as well as you or I. You can tell him that there are no organized Rebels in this place, so he will have nothing of that kind to fear."

"I understand," replied Elroy. "And now let me have the horse. Oh! come fortune—come luck—come power to stay this cursed plot! If nothing breaks, I'll have them here ere midnight—and then—farewell to Master Robert Pemberton!"

"Aye—and farewell to Karmel the scout!" added the baronet. "Ring the bell! ring the bell!"

Elroy gave the bell-cord a nervous jerk, and Thomas himself answered the summons.

"Where is Sultan?" demanded Sir Arthur, hurriedly.

"In the stable, sir."

"Then saddle and bridle him as quickly as possible, and bring him to the door."

Thomas left the room. And then Lincoln asked his young friend if he wished to go home before he started.

"No," he replied: "I should have to pass Van Reiter's house in doing so, and it might excite suspicion. You can drop over after tea, and inform my father where I am."

"I will. Your plan is a good one. If the two Rebels were to see you riding past, and then back again, on my horse, in the twilight, they would surely suspect something. You can drop over after tea, and inform my father where I am."

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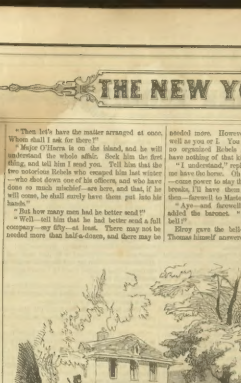

SIR ARTHUR AND ELROY SAITHED IN AN UNWELCOME APPARITION.

again, on my horse, it might, as you say, excite their suspicion. As for supper, you can get that at the camp."

"Never mind supper. If we can have three or two men taken out of it shall be willing to let my suppers take care of themselves for a while."

In a few moments Thomas came with the horse, and Elroy mounted and started off. He reached the hills without trouble, and was fortunate enough to find a man on board the ferry-boat across. A Tory farmer close by, where a number of British soldiers were encamping, in charge of his horse, as the boat was not heavy enough to take both man and beast. He was assured that he would find another animal within a very short distance of the opposite shore.

The soldiers came out as he rode up; and when he had explained his business, as far as them was good, several of them offered to accompany him and conduct him direct to Major O'Harra. They crossed the narrow sound; and only a few rods distant they found the officer and his men mounted on their horses, and where a spare one was obtained for Elroy.

There was no danger of meeting any Patriots in that region, as a great portion of the soldiers who held Staten Island, and infested the country round about, were Tories; and they, as we have mentioned before, were far more cruel and avaricious than were the British themselves. They had made excursions against the Patriot farmers where plunder could find them, and some of their deeds of cruelty and atrocities almost exceed belief.

It was not fairly dark when Elroy rode up to the house in which he was told the major resided. He heaped from his saddle, and, knocking at the door, and the man who answered his summons he at once recognized as the servant of Major O'Harra.

"Is the major in?" the messenger asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I must see him at once."

"He is engaged now; but will be at leisure in a very few minutes. You can wait in."

Elroy followed the orderly into a small side room, where he was left while the man went for the light. The light was brought, and he was then indicated that he would see the major as soon as the major was disengaged.

"Tell him that Elroy Pemberton wishes to see him on business of the utmost importance."

"Yes, sir."

So saying the servant left the room, and Elroy was alone. He was nervous and uneasy, forgetting that the video night was before him; and he could carry out his diabolical plan. He paced to and fro across the apartment—then took a seat—then up and out again—then down, and a third in his hand bottom upwards. But finally the orderly came with the welcome intelligence that the major was ready to see him.

While Elroy Pemberton was holding his interview with Major O'Harra, there transpired a circumstance without, which is worth noticing, not only from its present interest, but from the effect which it was destined to help bring forth.

A few moments after the young man had been conducted to the apartment of the officer a party of British soldiers approached from the west. They were ten in number, and with them were two prisoners. They passed the house of the major, and kept on around a point of low wood, where they came in sight of a little hamlet consisting of half-a-dozen houses; and around were planted a hundred, or more, large camp-tents, each tent being sufficient in size to accommodate twenty men. Here were encamped quite a body of royal troops.

Near the centre of this hamlet was a two-story building of stone. It had been originally a dwelling house, built by an old Dutch farmer in the time of the second governor of New Amsterdam. It was like many other structures still standing; the walls being composed of small stones, laid in lime and cement, and made solid by a kind of clayey cement. The glazed sashes had been removed from the windows, and stout vertical iron bars let into the masonry. This building was now the prison, and towards it the prisoners were conducted and made their way.

The two prisoners were brothers; fishermen by occupation; and stern, unyielding patriots. Their names were Mark and Harry Rodcliffe; and they were both stout, powerfully built men; and there were very dark from constant exposure; but noble in their form and features. Mark had seen some forty years of life, while his brother was two years younger. They were secured to their saddles by having their feet bound together under their horses' bellies; and their arms were pinioned behind them, their capture leading the animals.

As they rode up to the prison, the expression which rested upon their faces was almost terrible. It was a deadly expression, full of such hatred and vengeance as no amount of blood can satisfy! Their legs were unbound, and then they were lifted from their saddles.

Why not cast off those bindings from their arms?" asked one of the prison guard.

"No, no," returned the leader of the party. "By Saint George, we've had trouble enough with these two pole of arms already. Yip—if I as but let a thin loose as to let one of them cause free. You do like what escapes day be."

"Where'd ye find 'em?"

"Co—back a piece in Jersey. There are the chaps as killed two of our men last week."

"Che—be they? Then we'll see 'em swing!"

"I hope so."

The circumstance thus alluded to happened in this way: A party of eight British soldiers had gone out the week before, partly to hunt some forage, but chiefly to get some fun in a cottage where lived a widow with three sons and two daughters. These daughters were young and pretty, and the brutes were going to take them off. Mark and Harry Rodcliffe, with four others, happened to come just in season to rescue the widow's party; and in doing so they killed two of the soldiers. The rest escaped as best they could, but their chief prisoners were now in trouble.

"Where's the officer of the guard?" asked the leader of the newly-arrived party.

"I'll go and call him," returned one of the men, and at once he started off.

In a few moments a lieutenant came out. He came with a light, and when he saw the faces of the prisoners he started back with surprise.

"Curiosity, sir," responded the man, respectfully, for it would not answer to show insolence to an official uniform, no matter whether a man or a brute was in it. "In my society, sir, about the prisoners, sir, I forgot to say, sir, etc."

"Where are the blackguards? Look a (his) here you take off one of them sir. I'll (his) take your bide off, sa' he (his) blessed to ye!"

The officer spoke with a strong Irish brogue when he was drunk; and not very kind when sober; so the men in the present humored and cared about him. The most they wanted was to get the two prisoners into a safe place.

"Pardon me, sir. I cannot no harm, I assure you."

"O—you did'nt, eh. Well I rather guess you better not! But why (his) don't you bring on yer prisoners, and where's the other?"

"Here, sir. Shall we carry them up?"

"Where are they, sir?" repeated the lieutenant, with the same brogue. "Why, sir, we must carry 'em up! I'll carry 'em up!"

The officer passed upon the prisoners as best he could, and then asked how many there were.

"Two of them, sir," was the answer.

"Then (his) what ye got them other's chape for?"

"What others, sir?"

"Why—how," said the lieutenant, pointing to the two brothers.

"Those are the two, sir."

The officer was long in realize that he did not see straight, and finally he bade two of his men bring the prisoners along. Having given this order he staggered back into the house, up one flight of stairs.

"Here—Sick was in here," he cried, stopping before a stout oaken door.

One of the men pushed it open and looked in. The room had been originally a sleeping apartment, and had one window looking to the southward, which was firmly secured by iron bars. In one corner was a heap of common meadow hay, which would not have been there had it been for the horses to eat. There was nothing of the childkind—nothing upon the bare walls, floor, ceiling, grated window, and mouldy hay.

The soldiers themselves might not have put the two stout Rebels in that place, for there were stronger cells in the building; but they dared not disobey their superior; so they led the prisoners in, and then seized the officer if they should go and get them for them.

"Yes," replied the drunken brute, with an oath, "I get the heartiest you can find!"

The irons were brought, and put upon the prisoners; the lieutenant went through the motions of inspecting them, giving the Rebels such a sign upon the face as he did so; and then the soldiers withdrew, and the door was shut and securely bolted.

It was night—early night—but the stars shone, and the warm summer atmosphere seemed to have a sort of phosphorescent light in itself. At any rate, the prisoners could see each other as they sat upon the floor, and each saw that the other was stern and sad.

"Mark," spoke the younger brother in a hoarse whisper, "who will bury our father?"

"Harry lad," returned Mark, trembling violently. "Oh, God! what a time is this! Our father dead!—killed by British bloodgoats!" As he spoke his teeth were ground together with a harsh sound, and his frame shook with agony.

"What is it?" asked Mark.

"I've been thinking about our father," said Harry. "Men who were born upon our own soil!"

"Curse them!" responded Mark. "They were Tories! Oh! Heaven, grant us vengeance! Come what may. Come what of it by and by. We must not talk too loud."

The younger brother started to shuffle across the room, but when he had come near the centre a sudden exclamation dropped from his lips, and he stopped.

"What is it?" asked Mark.

"Look here a light, brother!" returned the other. "It belongs to a trap-door.—Ha! It is loose!—I can open it! But it is all dark below."

"Shut it, quick!" whispered Mark. "We may make use of it!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A TRAP.

When Robert and Karmel reached Van Reiter's house they found Karmel just entering by the back way, he having come from the stable. Our hero was glad to see his friend safe and sound, and he had also given some explanation.

"Where is Elroy?" asked the scout. "They shall not harm you. Trust all to me."

There is always something in the utterance of one whom we respect, that allays fear. No matter how imminent the peril, let an honorable man give positive assurance that he can avert it, and our alarm gives place to a sense of security. Both Robert and Annette knew that Karmel would not have given that promise unless he had power to make it good, so they erased their hopes with him, and acted to be happy. They were happy, but not wholly without apprehension.

Karmel and Kate did all in their power to make their guests comfortable; and having waited nearly an hour in vain for Lincoln and Elroy would come with official help, as they had expected would be done, they sat down to supper.

Time passed on, but no one appeared to claim the raiders.

"Can it be that they mean to give it up?" quizzed Robert.

"Do you think Sir Arthur saw me?" asked Karmel.

"He must, I think," Robert said.

"Then he may be waiting in the hope that I may go away. But he will find himself mistaken. I shall see him before I go—you may be sure of that."

"And you are sure all will be safe?" urged Robert, anxiously.

"As safe as you could possibly wish, my dear," the scout returned.

The maiden was sitting close by the scout, and as he then spoke she rested her head upon his shoulder, and her arm stole around his neck under her neck. She loved that old man—she could not help it. He was not old in years, but old in life, and he seemed to be the rock of her safety. She felt a perfect confidence in him so far as her reason could judge him; and that had a mighty effect. It was the result of emotions over which she had no control.

It was ten o'clock when Robert proposed that they should retire. He said Karmel had had but little sleep of late, and they must have delayed; and the others were by no means anxious to remain up longer. So Kate led Rosalie away, while her brother took charge of Robert and Karmel, who were to occupy one room.

It was not far from midnight when Andrew Van Reiter heard some one knock at the outer door. He had been awake some minutes, and had heard the clock strike twelve. He rose and passed out into the hall, at the end of which was a window directly overlooking the front door. He raised the sash and looked out, and saw a single man upon the steps.

"Who's there?" the gunsmith demanded.

"It is a friend," returned the visitor. "I wish to see Robert Pemberton, and an old patriot scout, called Karmel."

"What do you want of them?"

"I want to see them for their own good. They are in danger; and I have ridden fifteen miles by night to tell them of it. Let me see them at once."

"Who shall I tell them wishes to see them?"

"They may not know me by name—and yet they may. My name is Van Tyrbren. I belong in Amboy."

With this Andrew left the window and went to the room in which he had left his two male guests. He found Robert sitting up in bed. He could not see his face in the dark, but from the position he judged that the young captain was in a state of intense excitement.

"Is that you?" Robert cried, quickly, and with startling energy.

"It's only Andrew."

"Andrew! Is it you?" the youth faintly uttered, in a shaking tone. "Oh! I am glad. How long have you been here?"

"I have just come. But what is the matter, Robert?" Have you heard anything?"

"Heard anything?" repeated our hero, spasmodically. "Oh! my soul, Andrew, such a dream as I have had! All the powers in hell were let—and you ever read of—could be as nothing compared with the utter horrors of that night-phantasm that has so frightened me. I acknowledge I have been frightened.

"But what was it?"

"I could not tell it as it came to me. I would not, if I could! All the horrors of the Inferno Tartarus are as nothing in comparison! But tell me, did I awake you? Did I cry out?"

"No. I am forgetting there is a man at the door who wishes to see you."

"Ha! At the door! To see me? Is it so?"

"Yes. I heard him knocking, and I went to the window. He is there now, and he has a man in Van Voltron."

"Andrew, you dream! There was a man at the door:—he wished to see me:—I went, and I saw him; but instead of a man there was a demon of such horrid front that I awoke with the sight! He wished to see us. But when I was helpless he found another! He threw me down, and when he had her in his power he——— Oh! Andrew, I cannot tell it!"

At this juncture Karmel awoke. He started up when he saw that the host was conversing with some one else, and as soon as he found that Robert was awake, he asked what had happened.

"Why, it was a man at the door who wishes to see you and Robert," the young host answered. "He says you are in danger, and he has ridden fifteen miles to tell you."

"Ah! Then we must see him," cried Karmel, leaping from the bed. "There may be some piece of villainy cooking up against us of which we have no idea. Who is the man?"

"He says his name is Van Verbeen; and, furthermore, he says he comes from Amboy."

"O—I know a family of that name there; and they are good patriots, too. Let's go, Robert."

As the scout thus spoke he leaped from the bed, and began to feel around for his clothing.

"Let's have a light, Andrew," he said, as he attempted to draw on his hunting-shirt in place of his coat.

The host left the room at once, and as soon as he was gone Robert exploded. Mark. "They were Tories! Oh! Heaven, grant us vengeance! Come what may. Come what of it by and by. We must not talk too loud."

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The maiden was sitting close by the scout, and as he then spoke she rested her head upon his shoulder, and her arm stole around his neck under her neck. She loved that old man—she could not help it. He was not old in years, but old in life, and he seemed to be the rock of her safety. She felt a perfect confidence in him so far as her reason could judge him; and that had a mighty effect. It was the result of emotions over which she had no control.

It was ten o'clock when Robert proposed that they should retire. He said Karmel had had but little sleep of late, and they must have delayed; and the others were by no means anxious to remain up longer. So Kate led Rosalie away, while her brother took charge of Robert and Karmel, who were to occupy one room.

It was not far from midnight when Andrew Van Reiter heard some one knock at the outer door. He had been awake some minutes, and had heard the clock strike twelve. He rose and passed out into the hall, at the end of which was a window directly overlooking the front door. He raised the sash and looked out, and saw a single man upon the steps.

"Who's there?" the gunsmith demanded.

"It is a friend," returned the visitor. "I wish to see Robert Pemberton, and an old patriot scout, called Karmel."

"What do you want of them?"

"I want to see them for their own good. They are in danger; and I have ridden fifteen miles by night to tell them of it. Let me see them at once."

"Who shall I tell them wishes to see them?"

"They may not know me by name—and yet they may. My name is Van Tyrbren. I belong in Amboy."

With this Andrew left the window and went to the room in which he had left his two male guests. He found Robert sitting up in bed. He could not see his face in the dark, but from the position he judged that the young captain was in a state of intense excitement.

"Is that you?" Robert cried, quickly, and with startling energy.

"It's only Andrew."

"Andrew! Is it you?" the youth faintly uttered, in a shaking tone. "Oh! I am glad. How long have you been here?"

"I have just come. But what is the matter, Robert?" Have you heard anything?"

"Heard anything?" repeated our hero, spasmodically. "Oh! my soul, Andrew, such a dream as I have had! All the powers in hell were let—and you ever read of—could be as nothing compared with the utter horrors of that night-phantasm that has so frightened me. I acknowledge I have been frightened.

"But what was it?"

"I could not tell it as it came to me. I would not, if I could! All the horrors of the Inferno Tartarus are as nothing in comparison! But tell me, did I awake you? Did I cry out?"

"No. I am forgetting there is a man at the door who wishes to see you."

"Ha! At the door! To see me? Is it so?"

"Yes. I heard him knocking, and I went to the window. He is there now, and he has a man in Van Voltron."

"Andrew, you dream! There was a man at the door:—he wished to see me:—I went, and I saw him; but instead of a man there was a demon of such horrid front that I awoke with the sight! He wished to see us. But when I was helpless he found another! He threw me down, and when he had her in his power he——— Oh! Andrew, I cannot tell it!"

At this juncture Karmel awoke. He started up when he saw that the host was conversing with some one else, and as soon as he found that Robert was awake, he asked what had happened.

"Why, it was a man at the door who wishes to see you and Robert," the young host answered. "He says you are in danger, and he has ridden fifteen miles to tell you."

"Ah! Then we must see him," cried Karmel, leaping from the bed. "There may be some piece of villainy cooking up against us of which we have no idea. Who is the man?"

"He says his name is Van Verbeen; and, furthermore, he says he comes from Amboy."

"O—I know a family of that name there; and they are good patriots, too. Let's go, Robert."

As the scout thus spoke he leaped from the bed, and began to feel around for his clothing.

"Let's have a light, Andrew," he said, as he attempted to draw on his hunting-shirt in place of his coat.

The host left the room at once, and as soon as he was gone Robert exploded. "They were Tories! Oh! Heaven, grant us vengeance! Come what may. Come what of it by and by. We must not talk too loud."

The younger brother started to shuffle across the room, but when he had come near the centre a sudden exclamation dropped from his lips, and he stopped.

"What is it?" asked Mark.

"Look here a light, brother!" returned the other. "It belongs to a trap-door.—Ha! It is loose!—I can open it! But it is all dark below."

"Shut it, quick!" whispered Mark. "We may make use of it!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A TRAP.

When Robert and Karmel reached Van Reiter's house they found Karmel just entering by the back way, he having come from the stable. Our hero was glad to see his friend safe and sound, and he had also given some explanation.

"Where is Elroy?" asked the scout. "They shall not harm you. Trust all to me."

There is always something in the utterance of one whom we respect, that allays fear. No matter how imminent the peril, let an honorable man give positive assurance that he can avert it, and our alarm gives place to a sense of security. Both Robert and Annette knew that Karmel would not have given that promise unless he had power to make it good, so they erased their hopes with him, and acted to be happy. They were happy, but not wholly without apprehension.

Karmel and Kate did all in their power to make their guests comfortable; and having waited nearly an hour in vain for Lincoln and Elroy would come with official help, as they had expected would be done, they sat down to supper.

Time passed on, but no one appeared to claim the raiders.

"Can it be that they mean to give it up?" quizzed Robert.

"Do you think Sir Arthur saw me?" asked Karmel.

"He must, I think," Robert said.

"Then he may be waiting in the hope that I may go away. But he will find himself mistaken. I shall see him before I go—you may be sure of that."

"And you are sure all will be safe?" urged Robert, anxiously.

"As safe as you could possibly wish, my dear," the scout returned.

The maiden was sitting close by the scout, and as he then spoke she rested her head upon his shoulder, and her arm stole around his neck under her neck. She loved that old man—she could not help it. He was not old in years, but old in life, and he seemed to be the rock of her safety. She felt a perfect confidence in him so far as her reason could judge him; and that had a mighty effect. It was the result of emotions over which she had no control.

It was ten o'clock when Robert proposed that they should retire. He said Karmel had had but little sleep of late, and they must have delayed; and the others were by no means anxious to remain up longer. So Kate led Rosalie away, while her brother took charge of Robert and Karmel, who were to occupy one room.

and the two left the room. Kartuel suggested that they had better go to the window first; as thither they went. The sun was raised, and as the old man put his head out he saw a man standing upon the door-step.

"Hallo! Who are you?"

"I?" stared the man, looking up. "I should think I'd been here long enough for some of ye to know who I am. The Honorable Peter Wetherbee; and I'm from Ashley; and I've got information that'll be of service to Kartuel and Robert Pemberton."

"What is your information?" the scout asked.

"Where are the two men I wish to see?"

"They are here: I am Kartuel, and Robert Pemberton is close by. Now what would you tell us?"

"Nothing!" answered the stranger, in seeming disappointment. "The man, or men, will not entrust me, nay whistle for their information. If you find yourselves in trouble ere long, you were blame not."

"Hallo!—hold on!" cried Kartuel, as the fellow turned away. "We'll be with you in a moment."

The man stopped, and our two rebels started to go down.

"Hark!" whispered Robert, as they reached the hall. "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," returned the other.

They listened a moment, but hearing nothing, they kept on. The door was unfastened, and our father-in-law was no sooner was it started back than there was seen from without what it evidently open, and on the next moment the ball was off of stirred an inch. Robert held a pistol in his hand; but as he could use it he was seized from behind, and thrown upon the floor. Then a dozen small but terrible muskets flashed upon the scene; so our rebel friends were easily disarmed.

Kartuel had been knocked over backwards by the first onset, and before he could gain his feet he was set upon by four stout men and secured. It was while he was being bound that Robert was pulled over; and ere many moments had elapsed he also was secured.

At the instance Andrew Van Ruyer rushed into the hall. He had come out to the door to see a score of British soldiers all armed, and even his two friends bound at the point of bayonets like or themselves.

"Who are you?" cried one of the soldiers, as the young host made his appearance.

"Who! I am the owner of this house; and these men were my guests. What have they been about?"

"Shall we take him along?" asked a corporal, pointing to Andrew as he spoke.

"No," returned one who wore a sergeant's uniform. "We have all we were ordered to take; and let's be off with 'em."

It was a moment of strange anguish to Andrew. He felt that his two friends had in a measure sought the protection of his roof, and now he must see them dragged away, before his very face, and he not able to offer the least resistance. He felt that his impulse had been a pugnacious one; but he thought of Kate and Rosalie—that they would be left defenceless if he were taken—and he was resolved to keep his hands to himself. But it was a severe struggle. He saw his friends secured, away and as they were dragged from his sight a deep sob burst from his bosom.

Kartuel and Robert were led around to the end of the house, where they saw more soldiers just leading the horses from behind the barn.

"O—here you are," cried the voice which had sounded from the direction of the window that was looking from the window; "here you are," the fellow repeated, gazing first into the face of the scout, and then into the other. "I told ye ye was we in danger. I knew ye was; and ye see I spoke truly."

The prisoners could make no reply to this. They had no notion to speak, and they could not be of no use; and when the fellow found that they took no notice of him he turned away. He was the only one not dressed in uniform. His hunting-shirt and loose trousers of dark cloth would easily have given the alarm; so he had appeared in an ordinary citizen's garb. He seemed to feel quite free over the success of his plot, and that it had not been a failure from the prisoners. And at length he got it. He came and stood by Robert Pemberton, and with his foot, and with one powerful kick the youth sent him at full length upon the ground. The fellow started up and came at a furious pace against our boys, when another well directed kick landed him a second time upon the ground. He would now have run the prisoner through with a sword which he had caught from a soldier's belt, had not some of the others held him back. They laughed at him, and told him that he had commenced the quarrel. He turned away with an oath, and muttered himself with the idea that he should see the rebel swing!

Two hours were brought from the little barn for the officers, and of which one was that of Captain Dirck. The other was Kartuel's. Robert said nothing of the soldiers, because as his own horse was well worn down, but still far superior in point of worth to the one they had brought on. If he never returned, Andrew would not have such an excellent exchange.

As quickly as possible the Rebels were mounted —their saddles lashed beneath their horses' bellies, and the other given the British officers. They were the two score of the soldiers in all; and half of them rode on ahead, while the remainder rode behind the prisoners.

Just as they started, or rather, as they gained the road, Robert heard a piercing shriek from the house. He started his head, and could just see a white dress fluttering in the door-way of the door-stone! With a mighty effort he strained the cords that bound him, but without effect; and a moment's reflection told him that it was useless to do so thing. He heard that wild, agonizing cry still piercing through the air; but a few more bounds carried him beyond the scene, and with a low, deep groan he shook off all thought, and his heart sank within him like a lump of lead!

"Ha!" whipped Kartuel, as they came opposite the dwelling of Sir Adrian Dirck. "Look there!"

Robert looked, and he saw two human forms at the door.

"The turncoat and Elroy!" he said.

"Yes," returned the scout in a meaning tone. "They are both!"—"—see how their plan is working!"

"Hallo!" cried one of the soldiers. "None of your talking, there! Keep your tongues still!"

The Rebels said no more; but their thoughts were their own; though it cannot be supposed that such thoughts as would be likely to result from their then present position would have been conducive to much joy. They knew the worst that had been promulgated concerning them, and they had no doubt that it would be promptly carried into execution. They knew that even a lieutenant, in command of a station, could have them hung; and they furthermore knew that there was not a lieutenant, nor any other officer of the British army, but that would hang them with a good relish!

Surely that midnight ride could not have been a joyful one!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STARTLING STORY.—AN INTERCEPTION.

It was just daylight when the party who condemned the two Rebel prisoners reached the lower mills. The ferryman was upon the other side; but the discharge of three muskets started him up, and he soon came over with his boat. The horses were left to be taken over when more help should come, and the party first got the larger boat full.

When they reached the other prince, the sun was well up, and the inhabitants were astir in the camp —all save the lieutenant who had the first guard of the night before. He was still asleep, with a beautiful breakfast in state.

Kartuel and Robert were led into the guard-room, which was the northern room upon the front side, where there were several soldiers and a lieutenant.

"Will you have them sent up, or will you send for them?" asked the leader of the party of the Rebels. He spoke with about the same caution that might have been manifested by a man while asking if he would kill a couple of chickens.

"We'll have to send them up at present," said the officer of the guard. "Major O'Hara must see them, and he won't be here before night, perhaps not until to-morrow. He has gone over to the other camp. However, they'll swing in the morning, if we can make a court-martial before that time."

This last remark was directed to the prisoners, and was accompanied by a low, but exultant chuckle. But they made no reply. The thought that they were to have a day and night to themselves was worth more than they were anxious to keep it to themselves.

"Let's have a little examination here," the officer said, before the prisoners were led away; "Here you got any information about which you'll" to Adjutant approaching Kartuel.

"Only such as God gave me; and they are useless now," the scout replied.

"Cheerish weapons, I said, thick-head."

"I know it."

The officer ran his hands over the old man's clothing, and then felt in his pockets, and found four dollars in silver and five golden guineas.

"You would have any further need of them things," he said, as he put them back into the pocket. "And now," he added, turning to the younger prisoner, "let's see what you've got."

He first ran his hand over the clothing to see that no weapons were concealed, and then made a short excursion into the pockets. In one of them he found a purse, and in the purse were three guineas, besides some silver, a pocket-handkerchief, a knife, and several shillings.

"Well, I'll allow you to be rid of this stuff," the lieutenant said, with a smile. "Half the ill-luck in the world will come to those who have gold about them."

The prisoners were led from the guard-room out into the hall, and, after a short delay, they were led away a room upon the same floor, not far distant from the one they had just left, but on the opposite side. This door was thrown open, and the Rebels led in. They instinctively cast their eyes about to see what the room contained; but they saw nothing save a bundle of mouldy hay in one corner—that was all.

The door was shut and bolted, and the two men were alone. There was another door, but it was below on window, and all the light that could come in was through a little hole over the doorway, which seemed to have been made for ventilation. The place had evidently been built, or partitioned off, for a dark store-room, as it was not used for a sleeping-room, and not light enough for any other purpose. The floor was of earth, and the walls and four walls seemed to be the same.

It was some time after the prisoners were thus left alone before either of them spoke. Each seemed to have thoughts which he would not force upon the other. Though they were well bound, and their thoughts must run in very near the same channel, Robert was the first to speak.

"Ah, Kartuel, I had one hope, when I found that we were likely to have a night to ourselves in which we vanished now. You have your little one, haven't you?"

"Yes. It's safe in my sock-handkerchief."

"So is mine. But we cannot use them. When I saw the pistols, and the men so fully prepared, I supposed we might have a chance to try our hand at one of those bars if we had time for it. But fate is against us."

"It is," returned the scout, sadly. "I fear that Arthur Lindon has circumvented us. It is hard to think that such villainy shall triumph; but so it likely to prove. They have lately trapped you so."

"And have you imagined how 'twas done?" asked Robert.

"Have you?" said Kartuel.

"Yes," returned Robert. "I think Elroy must have ridden off to this place and sent those sol-diers back."

"You are right. It must have been so. When Sir Adrian Dirck returned, his own civil officers after you—if he did make that threat—"

"I heard him say to Elroy that they would find civil officers to do the work. And he left in a hurry. He said he'd soon bring those whom he could trust after us."

"That makes it plain to me," returned the scout. "The same has employed the civil officers to take his child; but when he saw me and Rosalie to do it. He knew that soldiers could come to New Amsterdam that night and take up the child in no doubt quickly. I almost think we were blind not to have suspected such a trap. A British guard is often or twenty miles distant; but the pursuit of fugitives is usually one of the chief services at such points. We should have thought of it, and should have thought of it."

"It is too late to help it now," responded the youth. "I know we might have thought of it without exercising any great amount of wit, for the thing could have been plain had we turned our attention to it."

"Ay," said Kartuel, "it too late now; and we may have to give up the race. I can see no hope of escape from here. We can break off our irons, I know, but what can that avail us? Even should we that we could overcome our sentinel, we could not get clear of the building. And yet, we are far from being dead men."

"And what for remains, there is room for hope," added Robert. "If we are left here to-night, and not taken out until to-morrow, we may so far improve that we can shake them off at will; and then, when we are led out, we may break away, and—"

"No dear instead of being hanged," interposed the old man.

"You are right. A rope or a bullet! Alas! poor Rosalie!"

The mention of that name, caused them both the most painful emotions; and Robert thought of his prophetic dream.

The day wore slowly away, but no one came to look in upon the Rebels. They were hungry, but not painfully so. It was three that began to appear. The sun was in the warm and buttery one, and within that cell the air was fairly hot and rarified. Had it not been for the little hole over the door, through which the exhausted air partially escaped, they must have suffered more. At noon they were oppressed by a raging thirst; but when the hours passed on and no help came, the third and last day that got the better of them, and they were more intense at every moment.

"Water! Water! Water!" yelled the scout, at the top of his voice.

"Water! Water! Water!" echoed Robert.

A loud laugh was heard in the distance, and the old scout grashed his teeth in rage.

"Infamous monsters!" he hissed between his set teeth. "Oh! God grant that I may be among the ones who carry some fire!"

"Water! Water! Water!"

The third was terrible. The old man's throat seemed parched, and his tongue on fire. Phantoms of pewter flagons dwelt in his mind; in imagination he could see whole tubs of water, and the cold sweat standing upon them, and hear the gurgling of the wine, as the beverage was agitated! The thought of such scenes until he fairly groaned in his misery.

"Oh! Jost Heaven! will they let us die with thirst!"

It cannot live through the night!" said Robert. "I am burning up! This atmosphere absorbs every moisture. Would that fire will have you both long in the morning. He heard your yells when you first began, and he will be more than ordered us to bring some in. I hope you'll keep quiet now; but if you don't I think we'll find a way to make you do it!"

With this gentle admonition the men went out, and they heard him say that he would not be back they could. But they were not long in finding a way to do it. They had been taught by him the way of complete fraining: shackles upon the wrists and ankles, and the latter could have no long connecting them, so that a man of ordinary height could not stand erect.

They commenced work down, facing each other; and then Robert lifted the pail to Kartuel's lips. He took a long draught, and then returned the favor. The cool nectar rolled over his parched tongue! It did not stop until the pail was drained, and then life seemed to spring forth from the grateful beverage.

Kartuel drank slowly and carefully; and then, in turn, raised the vessel to the lips of his companion. A deep sigh of relief followed the draught, and having just been drawn from a deep well, and the pail was cool and dripping with the purest spring water.

His long they felt strong again. Kartuel had not the least doubt but that, with a little care, they could get to their feet, slipping only a little at a time, and his companion had done the same. After this was done, they felt that in one respect they could not be tipped over, and then resumed their labors with renewed zeal.

It was now a little past eight o'clock, as they knew by the sound of the bells, and the sergeant and in their still it was dark as Erebus. They conversed of some, but only at intervals, and then not long at a time. Affection, as it was natural, was strong, and the two friends seemed to be listening to each other's breathing, as well as to their work, for a sweet tone.

"Hark!" whispered Kartuel, as they had worked about an hour. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," returned Robert, in a low tone. "It was a footstep."

"Yes," answered Kartuel, in a tone of calm, deliberate decision. "It was a footstep; and it was that only one of us must die—and that the other might go free—you would go. You would not refuse to you would act only a foolhardy part. You I expect and appreciate the feeling with which you proffer it."

"I may have spoken hastily," responded Robert; "and you will pardon me if I should refuse to tell you the story. All things are possible with God; but I do not think it probable that you may escape while I am left to die."

"Do you think I would go and leave you here?" asked the scout, quickly.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BEHIND THE DOOR.

(After Drayton.)

The house is fine, but oh, beware!
Two child of want, and pain, and care,
Stranger, because of shabby dress,
Though hunger presses hard and sore,
For charity's day behind the door.

A rusty sign—a whelp, a cur,
Although disguised in coat of fur,
And if he bares the knotted stick,
He'll answer with a growl, and worry—
All quickly snap you from the door.

A dog that's got carress of meat,
Will bite the hand that gives the treat,
Or gets from off the dish a bone;
A dog, two-legg'd instead of four,
He'll teach you better from the door.

He may belong to Cerberus—
For he had dogs—and fit lovers then
To bark at those who came to see
In honour of the Stygian shore;
It is the dog that stands the door!

THE BOUND BOY.

BY MARY C. VANDER.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Aunt Elsie Everton was a widowed sister of our father, who came a year paid us a visit of several weeks. Aunt Elsie was a tall, angular woman now, though she had been a widow many years, for more of her neighbors and wives could remember her husband, had never had aside the rules of mourning. Her tall, fine complexion was almost painful in appearance, but her hair, which was of silvery whiteness, was folded back beneath her widow's cap and her white neck was always shrouded like a man's in her heavy black garments. I, who was very curious in such matters, once asked my mother if Aunt Elsie was really as old a woman as her silvered locks would seem to indicate, and received for my answer the prediction that if I lived to arrive at maturity I should observe many gray heads before mine, and that I was turned white with grief or some fearful shock. With the simple answer my curiosity only sat more afloat upon a sea of conjecture and speculation, I was called to a remote corner.

Aunt Elsie was usually very silent and reserved when in the company of the children who frequented our house; but we, who were children, looked upon her as our peculiar friend. It was our belief that her stores of gems and sweetmeats were inexhaustible, while nobody could draw our dolls, or mend the head, or make them look, as well as dear aunt. As a confidant her sympathy was ever ready, and as an auditor to our quarrels, or in our violation of household rules, between us and offended parental majesty, she was invaluable. I believe it arose gradually to be our opinion that, as Aunt Elsie never had any sorrows or troubles of her own, she was providentially sent to bear the burden of ours.

One autumn evening we were all gathered around the hearth with the fire-light playing over us, and casting shadows of gigantic size that flickered and danced upon the opposite window, which lent no curtain but the thick frost which had gathered there during the long hours of cold and darkness. Poor people such as she was, cannot indulge in the luxury of lying snugly in warm beds while the morning sunlight is yet only ready by the hands of others, as the widow, sighing gently, arose, with shivering with the cold, groped about in the uncertain light till she had gathered her garments about her. Then, before she even attempted to light the fire which was so much needed, she went to a corner of the room where a rude flight of steps led up into the loft, and, after she ascended these part way, and raising the trap-door which covered the opening below, she left the following:

"David, David, my son—come, it is time you were up. It is already quite light."

"Yes, mother," a sleepy, little voice replied. "I will get up presently, but I only lay down to rest you. Aunt you mistaken about its being daylight, mother?"

"No, no, my son, it will be sunrise before you can get to the Moody's, and you know how early you have to do after you get there."

"Yes, mother—yes, I'm coming," answered the voice directly; and the widow descended, and proceeded to rake out the coals upon the hearth and light the fire.

"Just as the bright blaze began to dart up the wide chimney, the trap-door opened again, and a little boy of nine or ten years of age came down the steps, with one shoe in nearly garments that were so much too small for his thin limbs that his ankles were quite uncovered, and he had a pinched, wan look, as if sore exposed and unfed. But he had a broad, fair brow and bright hazel eyes, and his brown curls lay in their natural wreath around his forehead and small neck, of which they formed the only protection, except a scanty shirt-collar.

The mother looked at him wistfully as he drew on the little clod-hop shoes that he held in her hand. Then she stooped down and kissed him, and pushed the curly head that leaned for a moment against her bosom, as tears were in the mother's eyes as she rose up from this brief caress.

"Mother," said the boy, while his sad gazing wistfully into that loving face. A spasm of pain shot across it as he looked, but she answered abruptly.

"Yes, David, you must, though how you will reach there through the deep snow I hardly know, and with such thin clothing. But Mr. Moody would not you unless you could get to him, and so he has the legal control of you. If it were not for that, and that it is really a much better home than I could give you, you should not return. But try, my son, to bear all as well as you can, and so soon as he reads are passable I will come over and speak to Mr. Moody about getting you some clothes. And mind, darling, don't study at night unless Mrs Moody will let you have a candle, for you will injure your eyes and ruin your health by poring over the fire in that way. Now you must go, dear. Good-bye, and come as early as you can on Saturday night, and I will try and see you before then at Mr. Moody's. Here, let me put this handkerchief round your neck, for it is bitterly cold."

"No, mother, I shall not be cold, for it will be hard enough work walking through the snow-drifts to make me warm. And I shall have to be in the morning kitchen all day, helping Nancy work, so I shall be warm enough then to make up for being a little cold now. Good-bye, mother. I wish I was old enough to stay with you, and take care of you."

"And the brave little fellow, after another kiss, ran out, and his mother closed the door after him cold, in the open door looking after him, and saw him struggling and floundering through the huge drifts that lay between her little cabin and the road.

"Once he turned and looked back at the little brown house, with the blue smoke-wreath curling upward from its chimney, standing there like a spark upon the snowy whiteness of the landscape. If there were tears in his eyes as he thought that the tiny home contained all he had to love in the world, and the only being who loved him, it was no shame such a child as he; it would seem to have been even if the tears had rolled down the bearded cheek of manhood for the sweet affections that cluster around the home and the mother, should only grow stronger and brighter with age.

"The widow went back with a sigh, and wiped away the tears that would dim her eyes, as she prepared her humble breakfast. And, meanwhile, little David Hill went on and on, through the snow-drifts battling with them bravely, though as he was, and yet dreading not a little, as the rosy light of the early dawn began to streak the sky over the sky, the reprimand he would probably receive for being so late on his return. He was desperately hungry, for he had eaten his supper, but he well knew that he must help to feed and wait on all the rich farmer's cattle and horses before he could have any breakfast, and, perhaps by the time he had done that, dinner-time, for which he would be set away, after which Mrs. Moody slept herself on an afternoon nap. And then was no small trouble for little David.

"David did get the reprimand, and an intimation that he would not be allowed to see his mother again, unless he returned earlier, and he would have had a hungry time of it, indeed, but a special aid he was to be that day. She had carried enough to make some meal, into the kitchen, and fed Davie at the dresser.

"Mr. Moody was a rich farmer, and to join acres to acres he increased his money, and to add acres to his hills, and the cattle in his pastures, and to raise more wheat and Indian corn, to turn to more profitable dairy, were the sole ambitions of his self and wife, who were actually grudging the few times taking his place with the harvesters in the long summer vacations. All this time he had to feed his flocks and herds, and to wait on the unpersonable loved most in all the world—his mother and Mrs. Moody's own child when once she was reached, he had its expectation not only the drudgery of the farm, and the household work, but the crowning joy of the love of years.

"Mary Jane Moody and Sophia Bertrand should refuse offer after offer, and so plentifully see herself growing old. She would have become quite an old maid, and nobody seemed to suppose if only to put her fortune to his use, but he him a candle to read by of evenings, and to let a piece of waistcloth that neither of them could remember ever having worn. He was content to wait, sure that all would yet be well.

"At length the weary years of waiting were over, and Mary Jane Moody was married. The feminine, was admitted to the bar, opened his office, and began to practice.

"Then, and not till then, did he summon Alice Bertrand. They were married, and Alice enjoyed the first holiday-time of his life, in the brief but pleasant bridal journey. Then they came back to the old farm-house, though he had already forth to be an honored inmate of the household of his wife, and there he had ample room to receive them.

"Every hope seemed realized, every desire fulfilled, and the cup of blessing was filled to the brim. And the bright season of their joy, like all lovely things, was not to know long duration. Soon after David was brought home, fatally injured by a fall from his horse, as he was riding in haste to the court-town, undertaken solely for the sake of a friend. Mary Jane Moody was left a widow, and thrown his rider with violence to the ground.

"She had loved her husband with a most terrible intensity, and dim death came, and that splendid young form was but a lifeless lump of clay, and there was a widowed bride and a childless wife, bereaved in that hours of mourning which had been a time of rejoicing.

Aunt Elsie paused here, and, looking up through the gathering tears as we were about to be buried in her hands, while her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs. My mother, who had just arrived, came up to her, while she was bowed in her sweet-stuck group of children to brave the room, the hour over Aunt Elsie's sorrow and ours.

"You have overtaxed yourself, my dear sister, additional cause of novelty, I will tell you the rest.

"It is not sad," she replied, "or only sad for me, whose life was so shadowed in its early prime. She and I both seemed to have a mission to perform in that house of mourning which had been a time of rejoicing.

"Was it about yourself then, Aunt Elsie, and our mother inquired, as we were dead. Did you have been telling us?" Were you Alice Bertrand, and was uncle Everton once a poor bound boy?" I guess not, because she went to school in the city, and the other day, tell pops that if he had lived he would have been one of the master-spirits of the age, and pops said, that he considered him a very intelligent man.

"You have guessed rightly, my dear," replied Aunt Elise, smiling through her tears, "and you will understand now why I was so proud of the memory of my husband. It is true his death made me rich and left me free to bestow my hand that bound his mother to life. She followed him very soon into the narrow cell, and I still gave him there when God permits. But I am glad that I am dead such a life, because he was an exemplar of courage, and faithfulness, and perseverance, and devotion, and made capable in His sight, are yet rated in a sort of social scale, which, however, a large element of station falls into human hands. He pondered and studied his lesson long and deeply, long of nights on the kitchen hearth by the great dim room full of shadows behind him, and the glowing coals before him, and hardly knew, to gaze upon in front; while, from the distant parlor, came the faint echo of Alice's piano, an instrument the like of which had never been seen in all that region before. At times the door would open, and then the music swelled louder to his ear, and he would hear the voice of Alice—a sweet, childish voice that owed but little to cultivation. But to him, it sounded like the music of the angelic hosts, as he had imagined it, and filled his thoughts with visions almost glorious as those of the 'bright seer of Patmos.'

"But there were human aspirations mingling with David's visions, and often, lying there in his dinner, he read the story of his future and saw, in the coals, splendid parlors, and magnificently dressed ladies, and courteous gentlemen, such as Alice had described to him, and dreamed that he moved a gentleman among such scenes, and started up into the memory of himself, as he was, a poor bound boy, and considered that he would yet serve the way to fortune and social standing.

"Once Alice, strolling away, and crouching by his side upon the old hearthstone, told him of a spectacle she had seen—the entry of the President into the native city—of the music, and the pageantry, and the prancing horses, and the carriages, and the splendid officers, mounted on the window, of the excited crowd and one tall, pale man in the foremost carriage, standing up, uncovered, and bowing on either hand, while the people rent the air with shouts and the ladies showered bouquets and waved their snowy handkerchiefs as he passed. Afterward David would see that pageant in the coals, and dream, and wake to resolve that he would yet achieve some such proud pinnacle of fame.

"It was long before these aspirations and resolves shaped themselves into definiteness. David grew tall and handsome, and his mother died, and hoped, and she, in her pride and love, resolved to do as no negro would for the sweet affections that still bound that her child might gain his portion. Every penny of her scrupulous savings was hoarded and added to the small sums that sometimes fell in the way of the bound boy, who, though prepared to believe that he was to be his mother's own, and meanwhile, little David Hill went on and on, through the snow-drifts battling with them bravely, though as he was, and yet dreading not a little, as the rosy light of the early dawn began to streak the sky over the sky, the reprimand he would probably receive for being so late on his return. He was desperately hungry, for he had eaten his supper, but he well knew that he must help to feed and wait on all the rich farmer's cattle and horses before he could have any breakfast, and, perhaps by the time he had done that, dinner-time, for which he would be set away, after which Mrs. Moody slept herself on an afternoon nap. And then was no small trouble for little David.

"David did get the reprimand, and an intimation that he would not be allowed to see his mother again, unless he returned earlier, and he would have had a hungry time of it, indeed, but a special aid he was to be that day. She had carried enough to make some meal, into the kitchen, and fed Davie at the dresser.

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ADVICE TO WIVES.

BY AUNT SARAH.

I am not going to advise you on every point concerning which a wife needs instruction; that would require too much time and space. I shall only call your attention to a few important points just here; and my remarks are more especially intended for poor folks—for those who do not keep servants.

In the first place, *you must get up early.* If you do not, you can never get ready with the day's work; everything will go wrong and wearisomely.

In the second place, a wife should always try to be neatly dressed for her husband at tea-time. This is a matter of *standing importance.*

You may think, maybe, I know, for women who have three or four children, but then they have the advantage of experience; they have learned how to make the best of their time, and if they be wise, they have taught the elder ones to perform many little services for them, such as fetching and carrying, dusting, playing with and amusing the younger children, and even assisting to dress and wash for them. Besides, when children are four or five years old, it is usual to send them to school, so that it is the infant alone who ever, now the nurse's hands.

I know it is the opinion of some young persons that the performance of household-work is lowering and degrading, but this is a very mistaken notion; as well might a man hold himself degraded, because he is obliged to go to his daily toil. There is no duty the proper discharge of which does not tend to elevate and dignify, save to a woman's self-esteem, and to her husband's love.

Suppose a man sees scrubbing a floor, or cleaning a grate, or washing up dishes, such a feeling would never enter his head, but he would be appreciate this employed, as she would be, when she was sitting in the parlor, dressed for company, or quadrille or playing on the pianoforte. I do not say that I look equally graceful in the one performance of one as the other; but housework is a matter of necessity, and must be performed by all economical accomplishments; and it is hardly possible to appear either fascinating and bewitching in the midst of dirt and dust and unsightly trash, though, thus employed, a woman may be perfectly modest and perfectly respectable. It is true, that some housewives, when employed in household duties, appear to be totally regardless of doing things, or from natural untidiness, so tie dash and bemuse their persons and dress, that they present an unseemly appearance. Nevertheless, and thus they run away and hide themselves if a visitor happens to call while they are so engaged. But this need not be. The worst of the work, such as cleaning grates, can be done before the family breakfast; and in doing this sort of work there is no reason on earth to smear the face and dress as Phillip does. Nothing whatever need prevent a sweep and scrub it, a dirty old gown and cap, with the hair straggling about their ears and their sleeves drawn back, but they will shrink from the appearance of their husband's return, and keep the door locked against him. Therefore let us women be ashamed of doing that which is useful—let all her industrious be, to do it properly.

I had a cousin, a clever, charming girl. She could manage admirably, drew beautifully, and play divinely; she was a most delightful companion, and had a kind, loving heart, and could perform any sort of household work. The latter she was compelled to do, for there was a large family of them. My aunt being unable to afford to keep more than one servant, and my cousin being the eldest, a good deal of labor fell to her share. This she did not mind, but always performed it cheerfully and well. The only thing was that it should not be known among her acquaintances that she did it, for she was universally admired and sought; but somehow the young men seemed to understand that she was not to be had, and she had completed her twenty-second year without having had an offer. Her companions all married around her, and she remained single to the last, among the rest, thought it very odd that though she was so pretty, so clever, and such an actual companion, she should always be left out in the cold. Now, I can readily answer it; "Ellen is a notable as she is accomplished and refined; everything in the house is managed by her, and all the order she observes in their domestic arrangements is the effect of her good management."

"You wonder, I suppose, Aunt Phillip; " suggested you just. To confess the truth, I have, in the course of my matrimonial experience, learned almost all the desirableness of the *useful* being added to the *ornamental* in the character of a wife. I have also frequently shrunk from the subject, that I feared she was totally opposed to my views."

"Oh, no, my dear," I answered; " Ellen is as

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ALONE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

There is a sound on all the land,
Of the wind and the driving rain,
And the trees are breaking to and fro, white and,
With a desolate cry of pain,
As if its mighty and terrible heart
Were bursting with a human grief.

I stand alone with the wind and the rain,
And I have a pain below my breast,
Such, such, was the beautiful name light,
And the sense of a higher good—
But being, because of the world, as if
My life were written with blood!
And my soul keeps striving in a wonderful song,
Like a brook in an autumn wood!

Here wind! I love what I feel, desolate rain!
And cry, oh sorrowful sea!
To the dark, white and the merciless pain,
For each hath my heart for its—
Praise! praise! hosanna and anthem!
Such is the world to me!

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 14.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY COL. WALTER P. DURLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO BULL.

Ned Hobson had thrown away the stump of a cigar, and having arranged his seat so that he could sit a half lying position, he smiled, and began to tell a story.

"Haven't you worst out in the Osage diggings?" asked the old trapper, taking his pipe from his mouth, and shaking out the ashes.

"Your answered Ned. "I was with a small party in forty-one, that went out as far as Fort Scott."

"That you're sight on the Missouri border," suggested Ned.

"Yes," said Ned. "It's on one of the tributaries of the Osage river."

"Ah," resumed the trapper, pulling his pipe out again, "ye must 'ave had some sort of an adventure out there."

"O, yes," responded Ned. "I had several. I had one day with an old buffalo bull that came pretty nigh being my last tag on this big hill of dirt."

"Then I reckon as how's you'll better gin it to us I'd rather listen this evenin' than talk. Jem puke along and set on that log."

We all maintained the propriety of Ned's giving us an account of his adventure, and he began as follows:

"As I said before, in the summer of forty-one, I was with a party hunting through the western part of Missouri. We had horses and teams; and our baggage was carried in a large wagon, drawn by mules. We left Jefferson city, and struck the Osage at Warsaw; and from that point we followed course to the westward. One pleasant afternoon we came upon a noble stream, which, from their appearance we knew there must be a large drove of them.

"As soon as we came to a good place we halted up and drove down our stakes. It was very near sundown when we got fairly encamped, so we put supper, and then concluded to wait till morning for further work out of doors.

"In the morning we got an early breakfast, and then started out. We took the open way across a sort of rolling prairie, which was a splendid grove of maples; and just as we entered this grove we heard the lowing of buffaloes. We got on at full gallop, and in a few minutes came in sight of a drove upon the edge of a stream. Part of the herd turned down the stream, and part started up. There were eight of us hunters; and as the sight expanded, five of the party turned their horses' heads up the stream, where the largest number of buffaloes had gone. The other three of whom I was one, turned the other way.

"There were fifty animals at least, in the lot we three gave chase to, and they started off in fine style. We had followed them half a mile, and shot two cows, when we came to a place where one of the stream turned to the right, and made a bend around a wooded hill. I had fallen behind when I came across and lead the buffalos off. They liked the idea, as it turned them back to the river, and I'm sure that I should hit the river in that direction.

"To see, we had seen a stream a mile or so back, and I knew that this must be the same; and I knew, then this bend kept on till it made over half a circle. I had ridden about half way round, and came to a deep gully, where the water had at some time dug its way into the earth. My dog, who was ahead, leaped over easily; and I knew that I could do it, too. So I put him up, and he made the reach. He cleared it handily, and I came to it again; but he stumbled and fell, and when I got him up I found he had broken one of his right fore feet. He had struck a small rolling stone, and turned aside. It was a bad limb, but he could not walk; or, at least, not without great difficulty.

"I had but little time for considering. I could hear the buffaloes away to my left; and I knew that they would be around before long. I drew close the rein and tied it to a small tree, and then mounting my dog, I kept on ahead. I was most of the way, only slackening into a kind of dog-trot now and in a while to rest; for having been so long used to the saddle it rather took the life out of a horse to run.

"By and by I came out into an open prairie, and that is, if you call such a place by that name. It was covered with short, crisp grass in some places, and in others, it was bare, and there was no further side of this opening, I saw the stream; and to the left, half a mile off, I saw a dozen buffaloes coming down. I watched them for a few minutes; but I saw there would be a chance for a good shot if I could get nearer, so I rode down the stream for another time, and put off for the stream, hoping to reach a place where I saw a small clump of bushes growing.

"I reached the bushes just in time, and called my dog in. The buffaloes were now far off, and were evidently going to pass between me and the stream, which was only a few yards away. I had heard the animals—as how soon we, and I feared they would turn; but they did not. There were just twelve—a dozen, and mostly cows and yearlings; but there were two large bulls in advance, looking as ugly as any bulls could.

"'Peace to me,' said old Gad, shaking his head, 'if I should've been kind of skeered at such fixed under them circumstances.'

"Mind you, I had never seen a buffalo before to be shot at," explained Ned. "I had an idea that they were afraid of man. But at that time I was too much excited to think. I had heard my companions tell so much about killing buffaloes, that I'd become so eager to get a ballot through one of their hearts, that I should have fired if I'd known all about 'em. However, I didn't think of danger. My only thought was, that I'd shoot one of 'em; and that the rest would run like mad.

"Presently they came, and I found that there were more than three rolls off, and I thought the shot a sure one. I cocked my rifle and brought it to my shoulder. I was sure. I pressed the trigger, and at that instant my dog gave a quick, sharp howl. I fired, but the beast startled me, and the shot went out true. I hit the buffalo—the largest of the two bulls—and he stopped and shook his huge head and shoulders. In a moment more he turned and saw me. The rest of the herd had gone. He gave one ugly, defiant roar, and then turned his body for a charge. I saw blood trickling down the long hair upon his huge shoulder, and then the place where the crimson drops started out I judged that the ball had only struck some two inches out of the way. But it might have been a foot for that matter, for when my dog howled I was so startled that I lost my aim entirely. I thought he was going to spring out, and my first impulse was to stop him; so, you see, I just let all fly up there was absolutely no hand pressed on the trigger. The hammer was down.

"While the ball stood there calculating how he should work the thought occured to me of climbing one of the trees. If I could gain a perch up there I should be safe, for of course my companions would be after me before a great while. I cast my eyes quickly up—I gazed around—and the trees were gone. There was a thick, ugly shadow within my reach.

"For a little while after this hope failed me I felt weak; but I overcame it by an effort, and was just in time to avoid the infuriate beast as he came down upon me with a bound. He missed me somewhat now. With his head down; his eyes glaring like coals of fire; and his long tail high in the air, he

was bounded after me. Round and round we went; I keeping close in to the trees, and he performing a circle some thirty feet in diameter, every once in a while. At last he got a little too close, and then I caught, and coming back straight for the trees.

"I began to look for my companions. I could stand it no longer. You cannot form any idea of how I felt. I cannot tell it! I tell ye I can remember it. I looked in all directions, and yelled with all my power; but I saw no one—I heard no one. I was left alone in a few minutes, and the fact then I should be tossing, a mangled, helpless corpse upon the monster's horns.

"The buffalo was opposite to me, and I had stopped from mere exhaustion. He was now on the run; and he dashed towards me. He was coming directly between the trees, and I dodged around. At no time can he make the motion he changed in time. Around I went again, sustaining myself, by the most supernatural feeling myself up by him!

"Faints—nearly—dying, almost—I staggered on. I knew that all must soon be at an end. Everything were coming. I tried to cry out, but I was too weak. I grazed down upon my dog. Poor Lion! He knew that his master was dying. He looked up and whined, and there were tears in his eyes then. The buffalo was coming, and I knew that he was mad me an enemy which had cured him. 'Good-by, Lion!' I said. The faithful creature turn understood me, for he reached up his paws, and licked my hand away as though he would have me run for home.

"The bull had stopped again, and was glaring at me as before. I thought he was getting up his last rush through the very trees that separated us. At last I made up my mind to see no fun about the blood rushing with power through my system! In a moment more I should have had my life in my hand, and under its influence every nerve and muscle of my frame were operated upon as though by the shock of a powerful voltaic battery.

"I felt sure the ball had become so utterly useless that I would be left to my fate, and I was filled with madness. He had no thought but to ever me down into the earth, and trample me into it—I felt assured that if I had remained still when he dashed in me before, he would have tried to toss me into the air, and then trample me. But I was under no influence every nerve and muscle of my frame were operated upon as though by the shock of a powerful voltaic battery.

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"Poor pup stumbled to the trees. Could I reach them alive? I heard the puffing of the bull. Almost like the sound of a locomotive, and I dashed. I could feel his breath as it struck my back—One rod more! Had it been two rods I should have sunk down. The trees had become indistinct—the earth seemed rising up before me—my head was dizzy—everything but my heart was in my throat, aching as though it were being torn out. I made a spring—a leap—a low, painful groan—and I turned the trees and fell against the largest one. The bull struck on a few yards, and then stopped and stood. His eyes were glaring wildly; his mouth was open, and his tongue hung out. Blood from his shoulder. He kept up his chase—and he almost had me. I should have been dead in a minute, for I could not have moved around that tree to have saved my life. I was sinking to the earth from sheer exhaustion. I would have given all I owned in the world could I have had strength enough to have upon the ground; but of course I dared not do that.

"Pretty soon my dog started and; but the first movement the bull made was to turn and run for a short sharp jump and toss him over his back. Thinking, no doubt, that the poor beast could be on the trees not crouched down at my feet, when he had completed the buffalo with anything but pleasant looks.

"But this movement of the dog's kind of served to me another up, for he soon set to the bull, and passed of his terrorizer to turned towards me and made another head long dash. The pain of my dog's loss he repeated several times—threading his horns in the earth, and tossing up the dirt—and then he plunged towards me. I had regained a very little of my strength—at my rate, enough to enable me to run around the trees—and I did it.

"One thing was fortunate for me. As I told you before, there were no large trees; but I, from one root, just as you often see empire, and where I had come upon the monster's attention me not my enemy. I could move around them, or in between them, as I pleased. Their stumps, or roots, together at the surface of the earth, but they spread apart sufficiently to admit of my stepping between them anywhere, and this I did as often as I passed wholly around them.

"Yes," resumed Ned, "I never saw more plainly spoken language than that bull said then; and I heard some of it, too. He stopped—he shook his head—he gave a roar that made my heart quiver—and then gazed savagely at the trees around which I had passed, as though he would wreak his vengeance upon them. By my soul, I never saw so much pure hatred and ugliness expressed in any other face as I saw in his then. There was mischief in it, I tell you.

"At that moment I heard my name pronounced. I looked around, and there were my two companions coming. They had found my horse; and had then started after me. And they found me! But I will you, gentlemen, they found but a wreck—a shadow of a man. They had to lift me upon a horse, and take care of them or my behalf would me there.

"But I was guilty well in the morning; and when we made a meal from the meat of that buffalo bull, you may be sure I had some thoughts running in my mind that did not accompany every meal!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. N.—You are mistaken in regard to a subscriber's having a right to defer payment of the subscription until the expiration of the quarter. He must pay in advance, or else pay the postage on each paper as he takes it from the office. By paying quarterly in advance, his postage costs him half as much as a dime when paid on each paper.

A. LAWTON of Chickasaw House, Ind. Ter., writes us that he has a piece of information to give our old countryman, in the person of Abraham Lincoln; but it will communicate with us privately, and as to your address, we shall be ready to grant you.

A. W.—You may very properly withdraw your subscription.

E. T. W.—Your letter was received, and will be attended to as soon as possible.

WILLIAM.—It is not probable that any man this side of Utah can entertain the idea of marrying two girls at the same time. The effort would be more in the circumstance to break his engagement, on account of any wrangles with another young lady, than it would be to marry the two at the same time.

C. T. WARD.—The item about the one hundred and forty millions of dollars ($140,000,000) was given by the late officers of the English Government in abjuration for the loss of their property in the late revolution. The money, however, was got from a Rothschild paper. We know nothing as to its correctness. It may be true, and it may be false.

A. F. P.—The manner in which you should commence a letter to a lady depends upon the relation you bear to her. If she is simply an acquaintance, you should address her as Miss ——. If she has a different style, you should use the general starting point you can incorporate the familiarity and intimacy which you may suppose to exist between you.

A MECHANIC, Cleon.—You and your lover are as foolish as children. You have been pouting about it for days. Be sorry both who—yourself, under any circumstances, is a fool. It is unbecoming a lady to be so. Write to him, and tell him you are sorry you have been so foolish, and you will be able to quarrel and spread your time in commendable levity.

MARY.—Other engagements have prevented us from visiting the Railroad companies, the owners of the property as yours, and we have not been able to obtain the facts in the matter you wish to know. We may possibly visit them in a few weeks, will have to steal the time for. No body is held liable for the debts of another. Some contract may be held valid—in the act of that,"—such as feeds, storage, and the like.

W. H. H.—Your letter was received, and we will be paying attention attention to your wife and fellows her whenever opportunity offers. If he can be found, he will receive it in correct measures. If the case is as bad as you state, you can have no better remedy than to procure a divorce as soon as you can.

MISS DOROTHY CARLIN.—We would not knowingly encourage her to go on the stage. We would never discourage her to go to Crescent, or any other cemetery. Such matters are out of our line, and we are not prepared to say more.

MARY.—You had better obey your father in all things. He probably would have no objection to your spending a reasonable amount of time with the lady you name; but you think him, that four nights a week till 12 o'clock, in addition to the time spent in school, is too much.

W. G.—There is but one way to manage such things; ask your father to let you go, and if he refuses, let the matter speak to the point. No girl of proper delicacy would speak to a gentleman in such a manner. Such a thing as this must come out plainly.

C. C.—Letters are queer creatures, like all the rest of us, and some men are very cleanses and tyrannical. But a letter is a letter, and we must say that we have no means of guides to guide pieces and have no affiliated to free and fair in such matters as these.

MISS ANNIE.—Your letter was received from the Missionary Committee of Church College. You can probably obtain information of the Missionary Committee of the Presbyterian Church.

MARY.—We believe that what are called "ornamental branches" in female seminaries, include music, drawing, painting, and sometimes a few other things. Ask the teacher.

A CONSTANT READER.—In fact of Southern or Western Railroads, we are unable to answer. We have not the facts in their papers, few seem is not an exercises charge for the transportation of goods, or to do with the

CARLO.—It always best to be a girl to let a man "take his own course" in such cases, as very few women will do it. A man thus who should take her own course with regard to her would be a contemptible fellow.

A PARSON.—We know of nothing which would remove the stain of a criminal charge. The fact that a man has been tried for that crime, the marks are sometimes removed by the lapse of time.

R. C.—It would do a student no harm to mingle often in the society of ladies. It would polish him, and take away all asperities and unchaste manners.

MISS ANNIE.—We do not furnish you back numbers of the LEDGER containing the story you refer to be about to commence.

MARY.—We would not recommend you to leave the Mary Taylor of your city; he knows as much about the portrayal of character as any man in the United States.

NO NAME GIVEN.—Of course it is wrong for a young lady to receive the attentions of a married man. Such a thing cannot have much delicacy or taste.

CARRIE, N. Y.—The passage in the LEDGER to which you refer is not known.

A CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—Of course it is always proper for a man to protect a lady from insult.

L.—We are much obliged to you, but really we can not make room for any new contributors.

SUBSCRIBER.—It costs but five cents to get a letter registered.

J. C. T.—Mind your father.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*